

THE TATTLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1640a.

LONDON: DECEMBER 2, 1932.



XMAS No 1932 (2/-)

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS

have the best hats and make
the party go with a swing

Wherever there are Tom Smith's
Crackers the party goes with a
swing. Wonderful caps and
fun-making hats . . .

Delightful novelties to add to
the merriment . . .

Toys and jokes and musical
instruments . . .

Every Tom Smith Cracker is
packed full of fun to bring happy
laughter not only to kiddies but
to grown-ups as well. Tom
Smith's crackers are large in size
and full of fun inside . . .

And this year they are better
than ever before. "Where did
you get that hat?"—Why, Tom
Smith's, of course. "Who makes
the party go with a swing?"—
Tom Smith, of course. So pull
the crackers that please, and see
the surprises that Tom Smith's
bring this Christmas.

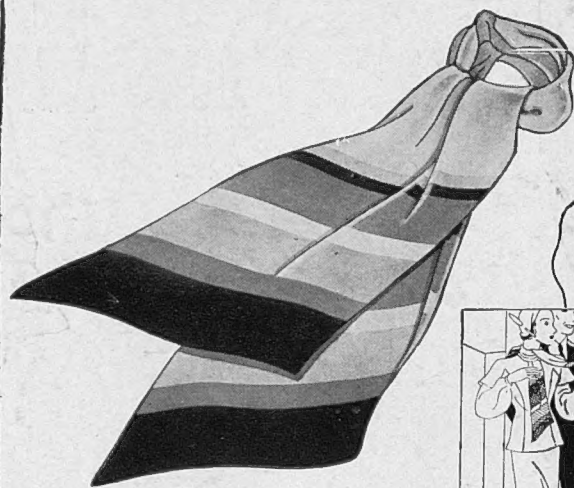
BE SURE you ask for

TOM SMITH'S

CRACKERS

BRIGHTEST & BEST

Good cheer for ye
Christmas Feast
ye fine and famous
PAN YAN
★ PICKLE ★



"Divine" did you say?

Do you know, I hardly noticed . . . I'm too intrigued
by that simply marvellous silk scarf you're wearing . . .
you know how to get perfection, don't you, dear? No!
Washed dozens of times? . . . why, it looks absolutely
new! I never dreamed there were such things . . . and
British, too! What! silk hankies? . . . and you say
they were the first to be guaranteed fast colours?
Oh, thanks, I mustn't forget that name . . . "DUBOIL."

Obtainable at all drapers and stores. Insist on seeing the "DUBOIL" label.

Handkerchiefs 1/11½ to 7/6, for Ladies & Gentlemen.

Scarves 6/11 to 12/11

DUBOIL

STANDS FOR ORIGINALITY AND DEPENDABILITY

Handkerchiefs and Scarves

Originators and sole producers to the trade: WALLACE THORN LTD., 11-12 Old Cavendish St., W.1

"Listen to the Whispers
of Little Lady Liqueur"



The Occasion
The Festival
Season—when,
as you see here,
the Christmas
spirit of joy and
gladness is be-
ing enhanced
by delicious
GRANT'S
MORELLA
Cherry Brandy.

The Whisper.—"Your
glasses are raised to 'Here's
good luck and happy days'
and, toasted in GRANT'S
MORELLA, this is a wish
that must surely come true!
My Compliments on choosing
Britain's Supreme Liqueur.
A Merry Xmas and a bright
New Year to all."

Welcome Always—
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S SWEET
SPORTSMAN'S DRY



Order NOW
from your Wine
Merchant for
Xmas presents,
GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY
BRANDY
in the Gift Ham-
per.

THOS. GRANT
& SONS,
MAIDSTONE,
KENT.
(Established 1774.)

THE TATLER

XMAS No



CHRISTMAS EVE



There is no Christmas quite so happy as the Christmas which is spent at home. On the other hand, Christmas at home can easily become "snappy" as well as happy—"snappy" purely in the temperamental sense, of course. Besides, relations are not always so easy to entertain, anyway. The younger members get in the way of the older, and older ones are so intent upon being "youthful" for the night that the young feel completely "centenarian," which is one of the reasons, perhaps, why the country inns of Old England are becoming so popular. A Christmas party at an inn requires no entertaining. Everybody soon begins to mix with everybody else. The young people find other young people whom they have never met before, the older ones discover a fresh audience for those innumerable good stories which have not made their own family laugh for years. There is no such thing as a kitchen strike. At least, if there is it doesn't concern you. The Christmas goodwill helps everybody to mix with everybody else, strangers entertain one another, and each family party tries to outvie other family parties in jollity and merriment. We always, of course, require an audience for our more brilliant behaviour. And now that motoring has brought some of England's loveliest old inns within reach of all, I should not be surprised if sooner or later Christmas will not be an affair of a "run out," dinner at some beautiful old hostelry, a jolly evening, a run home, and so to bed. The Christmas spirit, which is always so expansive, finds itself restricted in the modern service flat, while to entertain with modern servants is rather like smiling bravely with a bomb in the house. Christmas at an inn consequently solves all these difficulties. If you have chosen wisely it will have a back-ground of old oak and old traditions, while the proverbial "welcome at an inn" will help to bring back the illusion of England being really "merrie" once more, and when

"A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poorest heart through half the year."

And so indeed it should.

RICHARD KING.

Touring Company

By BEN TRAVERS



"A heart-to-heart argument"

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—All the characters in this story are fictitious. It is probably inconceivable that they could relate to any real personages. But, in case anyone thinks they do, they don't.

IF one of the more roystering of our Christmas card poets had confronted Gilbert Augustus Pogson at about half-past six on Christmas Eve and had greeted him with seasonable references to the blazing Yule log and hot jorums of punch, he would, for an absolute certainty, have heard something to his disadvantage.

Christmastide is hot in some places. It was very hot at Sydney. It was damned hot at Sydney Cricket Ground. And, to judge by the appearance of Gilbert Augustus Pogson, it was hottest of all in the visiting players' dressing-room.

To be shown Pogson (especially in the very intimate conditions prevailing in the dressing-room) and to be told that he was England's captain would have surprised you, to say the least. He fell about six inches short of your ideal. He was years and years older than any other man of thirty-five. He was already almost completely bald. But his mien was severe and, as partial compensation perhaps for his egg-like dome, he favoured a moustache which bristled in full-blown defiance of the modish clip. His eyes were defiant, too, protruding aggressively from an otherwise harmless countenance. As Dandy Stratton was fond of saying, "Gussy goes through life looking like a furious sardine."

"Gussy" was old by nature as well. He was irritable, with the settled and humourless grumpiness of some senile club-dweller. He was pompous, with a vocabulary of studied and correct largiloquence which would have done credit to a head-master of old-fashioned school fiction. But

he was at least a captain who regarded the Test series as the Australians do, not as sport, but as five pitched battles of a war. As a matter of fact, he was inclined to go further and to look on the whole thing as nothing short of a crusade.

Moreover, he was the best slow spin bowler England had possessed in the last ten years. This was his third tour, and seniority (combined with a certain dearth of competition) had established him as leader. He was a bit of a joke to most of the side, but they were a very loyal crowd and, to quote Dandy Stratton again, "one ought to be thankful for any really good joke on one of these tours."

Christmas Day falling on a Sunday, the authorities had arranged to play the third Test at Sydney bang in the middle of the so-called festive season. The match had started on the Friday. The score at the close of play on Saturday was pretty level—Australia, 452; England, 109 for 2; Stratton not out 52, Pogson not out 0. Not too good, perhaps, but there seemed no grounds for panic or recrimination.

Yet the conversation in the players' room did not seem to be animated by the peace-and-good-will spirit of Christmas. Most of the English team had changed before the close of play and had returned to their hotel before Gussy Pogson and Dandy were out of their flannels. Harry Braham, the manager, had looked in and had decided from Gussy's demeanour that anything he wanted to say had better be said later. Gussy had dismissed the baggageman and the masseur and had barred the door against autograph hunters and other well-meaning visitors. And now he, in a towel, and Dandy, in nothing at all, settled down to a good old heart-to-heart argument.

The vast crowd was melting away. Across the ground, beneath the score board (itself the size of most English county pavilions) remained only a few survivors of the afternoon's serried, sweating, shouting horde of enthusiasts of the famous "Hill." The bottle-boys (a recognized occupation) were going round collecting the relics of the day's beer consumption—a record one, incidentally. The last denizens of the Hill remained, almost knee-deep in discarded newspapers, like the survivors of an upheaved ants' nest.

But on the members' side of the ground was a charming contrast where, in the enclosure reserved for them, dallied some choice specimens of the lilies of the cricket field—the smartest, prettiest, and most elegant race of girls in the world. The sound of their laughter danced upon the air; snatches of their conversation, too, in vivacious squeaks which might have emanated from a group of angels in frolicsome mood playing at being Cockneys.

Sydney has reason to be proud of its ladies' enclosure, and provides as worthy a setting as possible for the cluster of gems, for neat borders with pansies growing in them

(Continued overleaf)

Touring Company

(Continued from p. 3)

guese Air Force, discourses brazen entertainment in the somewhat time-worn form of a selection from *The Gondoliers*.

Dandy Stratton was greatly in favour with the ladies' enclosure, and, as was only fair, the ladies' enclosure was greatly in favour with Dandy. He was twenty-four, one of the few amateurs in the side, number three in England's batting order, and worthy the position; a glorious cricketer. And if the young man's fancy lightly turned in the most natural direction, do you blame him? It didn't affect his game, anyhow. But his captain was very exercised about it. This was, in fact, the cause of all the bother at the moment.

"Dash it," protested Dandy, "I walk out there into that stew-pot, with the barrackers howling like a bunch of Romans at a Christian - eating contest; I make 50 not out, and not only that. When, a quarter of an hour before the finish, you, of all people, come plodding out to bat, to the delighted shrieks of the populace —"

"I considered it my duty to sacrifice myself in the attempt to stave off further disaster."

"Anyhow, I, knowing you are the most piffing number ten batsman on record, take the strike for the rest of the day and save your bald scalp. And now you start ticking me off."

"I'm not casting reflections on your performance at the crease. You know perfectly well what my complaint is."

"Yes, I do. The barrackers have upset you. I saw the way your moustache bristled when that fellow on the Hill shouted out, 'Take off yer cap and show us yer permanent wave.'"

"Nothing of the sort. I'm impervious to those Yahoos. But your mind doesn't seem to be on the game at all."

"Oh, yes it is," said Dandy softly. "And a dashed good game, too."

"At the luncheon interval," proceeded Gussy, "instead of enjoying a reasonable meal, what do you do? You gobble a sandwich, dash up to the players' window, and spend the entire interval scanning the women's enclosure through field-glasses. Even when you were batting you kept shooting glances in that direction. It was very

skirt the rails, and on Saturday in State matches a heated band, in the full-dress uniform of the Portu-

marked and—and insufferable. Why, good heavens, just now, when we were running a single, you said something to me, as we crossed between wickets, about 'the one in green.'"

"Listen, Gus. I'll tell you what the trouble is. I'm looking for a particular girl. I met her here earlier in the tour when we were playing the State match. All these Aussie girls are the cutest things in the whole blinking universe —"

Mr. Stratton flung up his arms like some impassioned orator in the nude. Mr. Pogson merely blew out his moustache scornfully.

"And this girl," continued Dandy rapturously, "is, believe me, Gus, the absolute prize peach of the whole slam basket."

Gussy made an angry grab at his vest.

"You are here to play cricket —"

"She isn't here, that's the point, and she swore she would be."

"If you persist in this attitude I shall feel called upon to report the

matter to the proper authorities to be dealt with through the correct channels."

Mr. Pogson completed a hot toilet and left the dressing-room alone, flushed and extremely pugnacious. As he opened the door a small boy, who had wormed his way to the head of an expectant throng, flung himself upon Gussy, proffering a dishevelled pocket-book containing some well-thumbed inscriptions.

"He's a bit of a rough-neck, but he's on his own and it's Christmas"

"'Ere—Gussy!" he cried.

"Who?"

"Well—Mr. Pogson."

"So I should hope indeed. Stand aside, please."

"Well, beef us out yer moniker."

"What!"

"Give us yer autograph."

"Most certainly not."

Gussy managed to push his arbitrary little way through the grinning crowd and to escape, though his ears burned with the shameful impression that England's captain was being subjected to ribald comment. Indeed, the small boy, who seemed inspired by a foreboding that Gussy would fail to score on Monday morning, followed for some distance, running in his shadow and prophesying loudly.

Dandy, when he emerged, was a great deal more considerate to the fans. He scrutinized every girl in turn with desperate hope. But no; she wasn't there. And if she wasn't there she couldn't be in Sydney at all.

Weary as he was with the heat and toil of the day, he started to walk back to the hotel. Not on purpose—simply he was lost in contemplation. Here he was, on the eve of what should have been the best Christmas he'd ever



struck. Fifty not out—all the cables buzzing with his name. He could visualize the posters at home—*Stratton England's Hope*, and *Can "Dandy" Do It?* and the like. Of course, he could do it. He could make two hundred on Monday, and, but for this worrying abstraction about this girl, he not only could but would.

Queer how keen he was, because he'd only met her for ten minutes. But, as he told himself, it was one of those cases where Cupid delivers an absolute snorter, coming very fast off the pitch and leaving you absolutely defenceless. Or, if you cared to put it the other way, Dandy had had a brief innings but had never in his life scored so quickly.

Some mutual friend (he'd forgotten who, or that might have helped) had introduced them. Dandy had told her that, stunned as he had been from the first by the glory of Australian girls, he had known all along that there must be one particular one somewhere who was it, and it alone. And she was it. The girl, with commendable practicability, had told Dandy that she lived with her father on a station a hundred miles up-country; but that she would be coming to Sydney for the Test and they could spend Christmas Day together and perhaps really see something of each other. Then some fool had butted in and Dandy had never even so much as hooked on to her name and address. This had been in November, in the match against New South Wales. Fortunately, perhaps, for Gussy's peace of mind, the meeting had taken place during the final day's play.

Curse! Because the girl had been as genuine about it as he was. Then, if she couldn't come, why didn't she write or something? She knew who *he* was, anyway. Blast!

And that poor little pedantic, puffing, petulant, protesting Gussy! Well, well, poor little devil, he was married and naturally didn't know what love really meant. Dandy had met Mrs. Gus—an awful woman, thin as a stick and with an enormous row of separate front teeth—like a rake in fact. Thank heaven she wasn't on this trip. One Pogson was enough.

Dandy realized he'd be late for dinner, and knew that if you appear after seven o'clock in the dining-room of an Australian hotel you get no dinner at all; but he didn't care. Dinner only meant an exceedingly insipid fish called a schnapper and a mass of chicken Maryland heaped on your plate in a manner calculated to upset the appetite of a schoolboy. Moreover, the waiter was liable to lean his elbow on your shoulder and participate in your conversation, and Dandy didn't feel in the mood for that sort of thing to-night.

He didn't feel in the mood for anything. Hell! Why hadn't she written?

She'd written. She *had* written. He snatched the letter from the man in the hotel office and tore it open, knowing instinctively it was from her. He gabbled almost incoherent thanks—"Oh, good, good! Just what I wanted most in the world."

The hotel clerk, like the waiters, was a matey soul.

"Bird?" he inquired laconically.

"Of Paradise," replied Dandy.

The letter was quite short and formal. She and Dad hadn't been able to get to Sydney as she had injudiciously crashed the car and they couldn't get another; besides, Dad was cattle-branding on Monday and had to be home. But what about Mr. Stratton spending Christmas Day at the station? It was only a three hours' run and the road was quite all right. If he started fairly early he could get there for lunch. She signed herself Sylvia Hale. Her address was Jackson Ridge, and she gave her telephone number. So within a few minutes a dinnerless but ecstatic Dandy was talking to her again.

The sound of her voice helped him to remember what she looked like a bit more clearly. She was very trim, he remembered—a perfect, nimble little figure. She had the usual lovely complexion, but was unusually pretty. Not that they weren't most of them pretty. But she had just a bit extra of that perky, piquant sort of prettiness so many of them had. By gad, she was a peach; and as for her voice—well, of course, it had, perhaps, to a rather marked degree, that queer little nasal squeakiness of the familiar Australian accent; but, personally, Dandy admired that, and anyone who didn't could simply go to hell, and that was that.

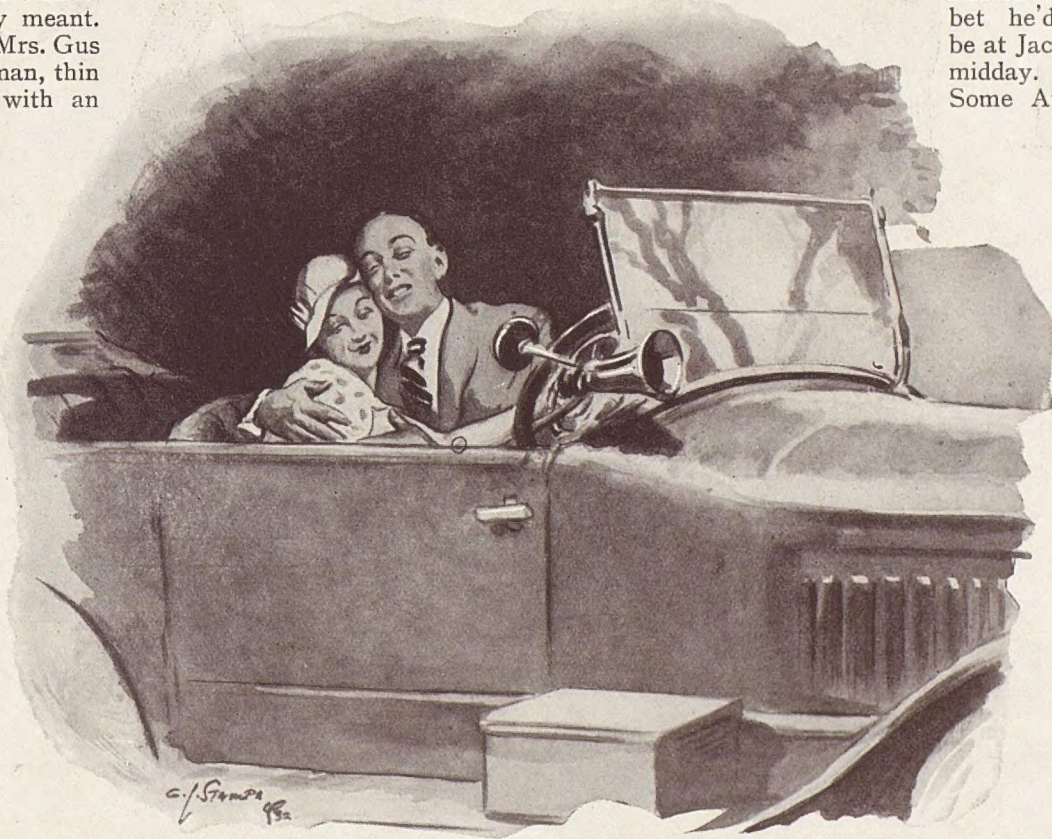
Dandy again made the most of his innings and piled up the runs of affection until the telephone wires positively sizzled with ardour. You bet he'd come. He'd be at Jackson's Ridge by midday. He had a car. Some Australian friend,

with characteristic hospitality, had lent him one. Who'd be there? Just she and Dad? "Well," she said, "I'm afraid there may have to be Wally Gunn. He's from another station near by. He's a bit of a rough-neck, but he's on his own and it's Christmas. Still, we can give him the air. Bye-bye. See you tomorrow—lovely." She laughed a laugh which sounded to

Dandy like the tinkle of a silver bell. She then hung up the receiver and turned with a jump to find the swarthy figure of Mr. Wally Gunn obliterating the twilight in the doorway.

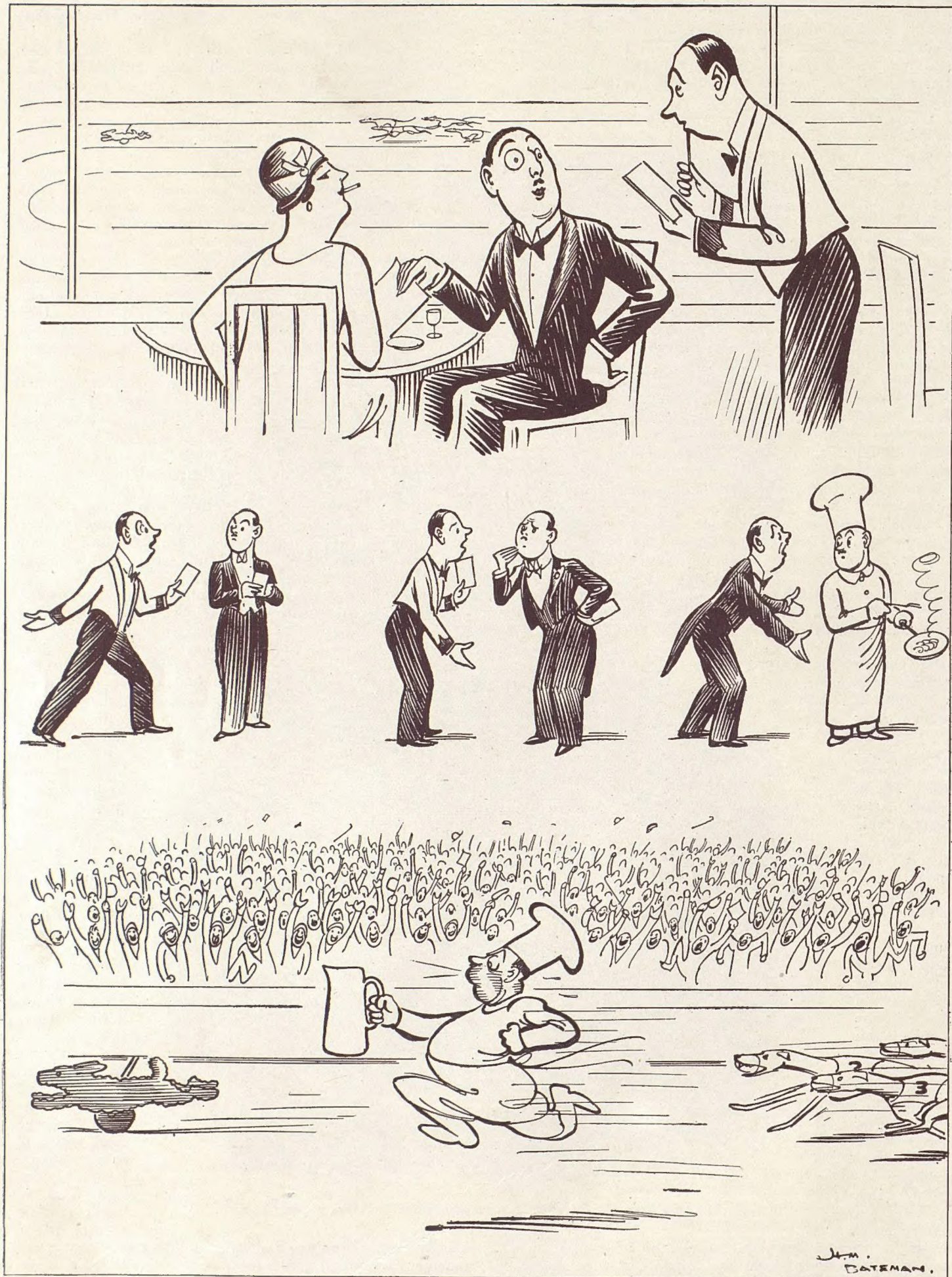
"How long have you been there?" she cried.

"Long enough," said Mr. Gunn. "Who's the cove?"



For the next hour Dandy forgot his anxiety to see Mr. Wally Gunn again"

(Continued on p. 43)



AN ORDER FOR JUGGED HARE

By H. M. BATEMAN



PAN AND THE ELFINS

By SYDNEY SEYMOUR-LUCAS

"In Port"

by Harold Simpson

O'er gleam of silver and of glass
The candles' flickering shadows
pass,
Where sit Sir Harry Fevercourt
And Lord Belrobin, drinking port.

From hand to hand the flagon goes,
The stream of wit and laughter flows;
Yet laughter salted with the tears
Of two old friends, aged eighty years.

They drink a toast, nay, more than one,
To all their cronies dead and gone,
And then, the deepest toast of all,
Their long-lost sweethearts they recall.

Hermione, the proud brunette,
Sweet Fay, Penelope, Babette,
Fair Prudence, Ann, demure and cold,
May, Margery, and Marigold.

They quaff a toast to each dear name
Whose rival merits they acclaim;
At times their words grow hot and
strong,
But still they pass the port along.

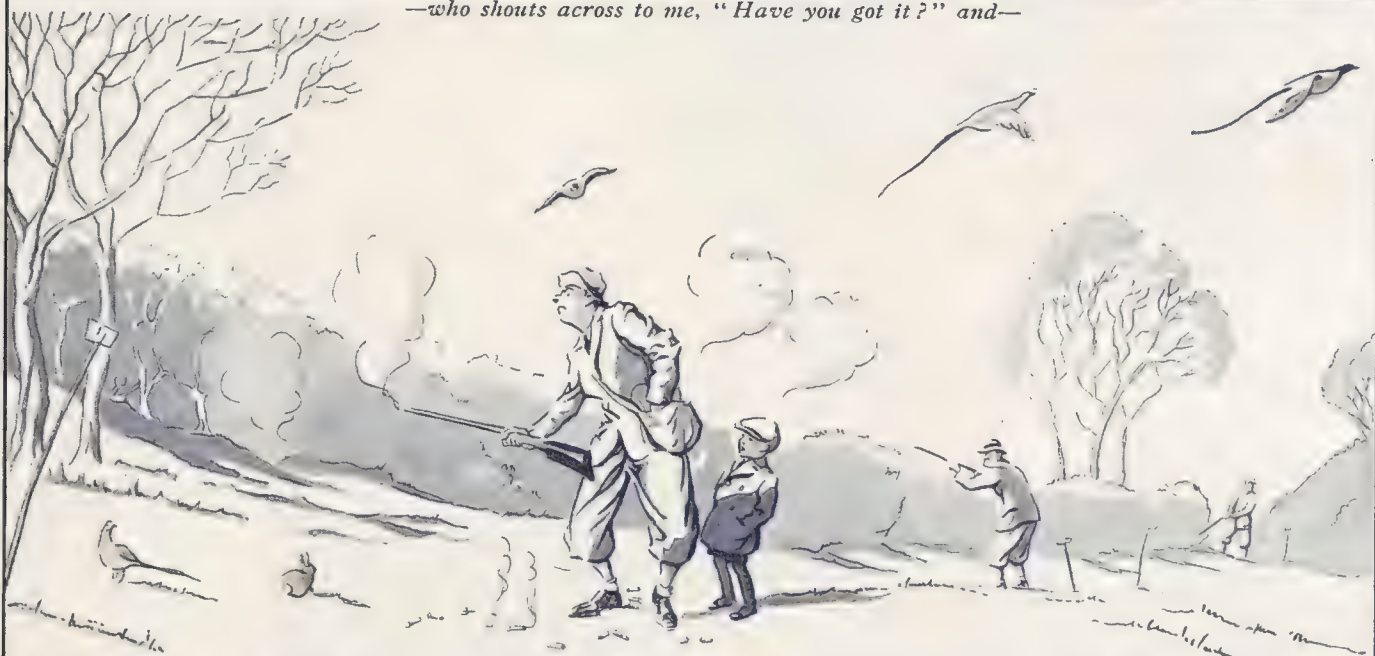
The candles now are guttering low,
The firelight shadows come and go;
From each dim corner of the room
Sweet faces peer from out the gloom.

Faces of girls they loved of yore,
But all that greets them is a snore!
For Belrobin and Fevercourt
Lie 'neath the table—snug in port!

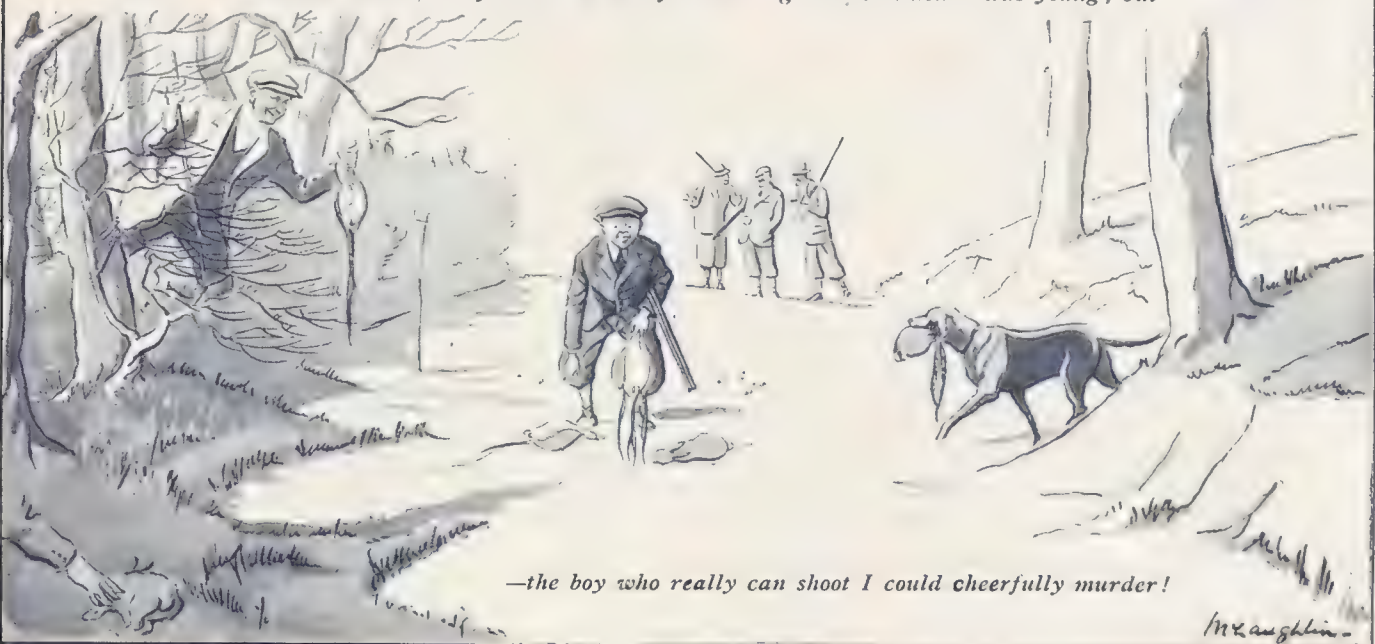
I HATE THE LITTLE BOY—



—who shouts across to me, "Have you got it?" and—



—I loathe the little boy who asks me if I was a good shot when I was young; but—



—the boy who really can shoot I could cheerfully murder!

McLaughlin

By McLAUGHLIN



"... the white post, newly-painted, holding out the faded Whig portrait with its indecipherable lettering"

AT the final turn in the lane, the high hedge-row yielded place on the one side to a line of willows and on the other to a long blank wall, and the village of Clayton ended with the village inn. Thus, when Henderson came up to The English Gentleman, the landscape widened out in the sunshine like an illustration

from the book of England opened at random.

In the foreground stood the white post, newly painted, holding out the faded Whig portrait with its indecipherable lettering against a back-ground of blue sky and varicoloured fields. At the foot of the post was a white cockerel, and, clucking around within a yard, a brown hen evilly simulating that pretended fear which ever deludes the male mind. The road turned again to cross a brick bridge over a river, and continued out of sight, a neat division between a rather untidy field of mustard-seed and the reeds along the far bank. The rotting remnants of a ferry landing-stage stood beside the bridge, and alongside was a cluster of outhouses belonging to the inn.

The next thing to catch Henderson's eye was a smart London taxi standing before the doorway of The English Gentleman, and then seated on a wooden bench he saw a neat little man who was obviously the driver. It was a shock, but a pleasant one, and by reason of it Henderson stepped forward more gladly to enjoy his pre-lunch pint of bitter. Henderson was both author and Cockney. And an author scents plots in oddities, while to the true Cockney the streets are never very far away.

FALSE AMBITION

By PAUL FEAKES

Almost as he seated himself on the bench the mid-day calm was shattered, as if by some mischance his advent had broken a magic spell. A woman's voice, the voice of a shrew, raucous and dominant, burst forth from nowhere.

"So now your out-of-work betting friend has come, has he? Now you're gonna spend the morning picking out losers what you would back if you had the money."

A big, thick-set man shot out from the doorway of the inn and belligerently turned up his bald head at the first-floor windows. He was without a jacket, his shirt sleeves were turned up, and his large person was bursting out of a woman's apron. In one hand he held a piece of cleaning rag, in the other a fork.

"You mind your own business," he stormed. "You let Alf alone. He's as much entitled to come here as any of your — crowd."

"Provided he is willing to pay for some of the beer he drinks," replied the unseen female with gusto, "he can stay here 'till he is drunk enough to drive his cab into the river and drown himself. But as for you, you're cleaning out them sties, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, I am, am I?" shouted the landlord in the second he noticed Henderson. "I got customers to attend to."

Sometimes in the night Henderson hears again the depressive, almost maniacal laughter this statement provoked. A man must keep beliefs if he is to keep sanity, and that laugh broadcast to the winds every illusion he had ever known and left his mind naked, appraised of the awful adventure he contemplated in merely attempting to continue to live.

On a sudden a window was flung up as if it was going through the roof, and a female head protruded.

"Customers!" she began in sardonic discord.

Then she saw Henderson. Her livid, angular face went blank, transfixed. Words, many, many words died on her thin, vicious lips. As if unconnected with any body, the head moved slowly back into the room, and the window slammed down. The head wavered there beyond, the fiery eyes piercing the drab, dirty curtaining. Then the head vanished.

The landlord fetched Henderson his pint of bitter, and Henderson drank. Alf sat between them with that violent silence of a statesman who knows already that his country is at war. When the tension became too great, he took out a morning racing paper and pretended to read it. At length he spoke, not taking his eyes from the paper.

"You better go and do the sties, George, if I'm stopping to dinner," he said.

George's mute appeal evoked only a hopeless shrug, and he turned at once and, slipping off the apron, disappeared through the yard gateway.

Henderson smiled to the taxi-driver at George's back.

"Picking out a few winners?" he asked banteringly.

"Picking 'em out's right," remarked Alf. "D'you back horses?"

"No," said Henderson.

(Continued overleaf)

"Neither do I," said the other. "Just interested, y'know. Poor old George and I used to back 'em. But I swore off it for good, and I am a man of my word. Just like I told poor old George I'd drive down here once a month to see him. Once a month, here I am!"

Henderson was not particularly interested in George at that moment.

"What made you give up betting?" he asked.

"Luck."

"Bad luck?"

"Good luck! Too good a luck to last. That's the trouble with a lot of people. They don't make proper use of good luck when it comes their way, and then they spend the rest of their lives expecting it to happen again."

"Tell me about it," said Henderson.

"Four years ago it happened, four years this July," said the taxi-driver. "Poor old George was a potman in a pub. in Kennington High Street and the happiest man in the world, and I was driving a cab for the United Cab Company and as miserable as sin because it wasn't my own."

"I had been talking in the morning to poor old George about a cab that hadn't done fifteen hundred miles what I could get for three-fifty, a hundred down, and the rest by instalments. The only trouble was I hadn't got the hundred to put down. And when I came in that evening he beckoned me into a corner and shoved a penny note-book across the counter and told me to read what was inside."

"It was all about different races starting right back at the beginning of the previous season. It said the date and then '3.30 Kempton' and then gave two horses and the s.p., one an odds-on favourite and the other a long-priced outsider. There was a little tick against whichever was the winner, and I saw the point as soon as I tumbled that every horse named in the book was trained by Sturgeon."

"Poor old George came back to me after a bit and took up his note-book and put it in his pocket."

"Now," he said, 'I ain't going to say as there is anything crooked about Sturgeon. That'd be a libel not only

against a very honourable and distinguished trainer, but against the cleanest turf in the world. Only, with two from the stable and Mathers up on the outsider, facts do seem to point to a fair gamble.'

"Have you done any of 'em?" I asked him.

"Not yet," he said. "I want to have a proper plunge when I do. I got just as special a reason as you have to make a hundred quid quick, and I wondered if we might make a partnership of it. There's two going, fourth race next Wednesday at Newmarket: Calleroe and Silversmead. Silversmead 'll start favourite, and if Mathers is on Calleroe that's good enough for us. I thought, say, we'd both put up ten quid apiece, even stakes on each horse. If the outsider wins, we're in clover. If it doesn't we lose nothing."

"Suppose neither of 'em wins?" I said.

"You've lost money on a horse before, haven't you?" he said nettled. "You've got your ambition and I've got mine. Either we take a chance or we carry on like we are now for ever."

"That was the start of the business. All over the week-end right up to Tuesday night we had conferences and what not. Poor old George kept saying how fine everything would be if we won, and I kept imagining myself driving my own cab. I was to back Silversmead with my ten quid; he was to do Calleroe. More than once—he seemed so keen—I asked him what exactly he wanted the money for, but he wouldn't tell me. All he'd do was wink one eye till it got on my nerves, so I stopped asking him."

"The morning of the great day poor old George came round for me and we caught the train for Newmarket. We had to go to the course to make sure of the prices and that Mathers was riding the outsider."

"Going down we was working out our expenses, and I happened to say as we'd each pay our own entrance fee into the ring."

"What!" says George. "Me pay three bob to go in a ring and get dished of half the odds."

"Three bob!" I says. "It's twenty-two-and-six."

Continued overleaf



"Alf . . . took out a morning racing paper and pretended to read it"

"'D'you reckon I'm going into Tattersall's?' he asks. 'Mickey Walker stands up on the heath and he'll take all the money I got. No blinking rings for me.'

"'I'm going in the ring anyway,' I says. 'I'm not going to be welshed out of my stake whatever happens to yours.'

"'All right,' he says, 'I'm agreeable. We'll part company as soon as the runners and riders go up after the third race.'

"During the first three races we lost a few bob, and George introduced me to Mickey Walker. But I wouldn't give way, just out of being obstinate.

"Then up in the frame goes the runners for the fourth race, with Mathers on Calleroe. There was a big field—eighteen or nineteen of them—but there must have been some money down somewhere, because Silversmead opened on the heath at nine to four.

"Calleroe was with the twenty-to-one others, and I saw George make his bet, two hundred to ten, before I left him. I got in the ring just in time to get twos about Silversmead, and then tried to wait quietly for the result.

"I drew my thirty quid and made for the gate leading on to the course to join poor old George. I felt fed up, sort of tired. We'd saved our stakes and made our expenses and a pound or two over. But when you've risked your all it's a tame finish to find yourself neither in nor out.

"Then outside the ring I saw George jumping about looking for me as if he was mad with excitement. His face was purple and his eyes looked as if they were going to fly out of his head at me.

"'What did you get?' he shouts.

"I told him, not too happy.

"He half takes a wad of notes out of his pocket and shoves 'em back.

"'Two hundred quid,' he whispers.

"'Don't be silly,' I says. 'Calleroe was disqualified.'

"'Course he was,' he says. 'You and me got the luck of Old Nick. We've been paid out on the first and the last!'

"Then, all at once, it come to me. Mickey Walker was apparently one of them outside bookmakers what don't bother about objections, but pay out first past the post.



"... there was a tic-tac man with glasses beside me"

"I didn't see much of the race, being on the small side and not having too good a view. But there was a tic-tac man with glasses beside me and he told the world at large all I wanted to know.

"'Silversmead's got it,' he says when the horses were still in the distance. 'Silversmead, Muntzen, Lycaon. Silversmead 'll walk it! Hello, who's this?' he says. I knew it was Calleroe. It's at the distance, y'see where the jockey drops the reins and has a cut for it. 'Calleroe,' he says, and then 'Crikey! He's crossing the whole d—n field. He's running his head off. Mathers can't hold him. He's jammed Muntzen on to the rails. Hundred to one on an objection! Silversmead's beat, but it's his race. Thousand to one on it!' And then I got on tiptoe and the leaders passed the post.

"Calleroe, Silversmead, Lycaon. That's how they came in. Muntzen was fourth. As the tic-tac man said, there was an objection. I waited about beside my bookmaker. I knew the objection would be sustained. Those chaps don't make a mistake about an obvious case like that.

"Then out it came. Objection sustained. Race awarded to Silversmead. Muntzen third.

"Yes. I put down my hundred on the cab the day after, and in two years I paid the balance. And I wouldn't take a chance about the finest gee-gee in the world. Luck like that happens once. You can't put through a repeat order.

"I'm my own boss. If I think I'll go out, out I go. If I don't, I don't. Think I'll run down to see poor old George, down I come. I've realized my ambition. I'm content."

Henderson drank up his bitter and looked towards the bridge, and the four miles he had yet to cover before lunch.

"Lucky to be you," he said. "Well, I think I'll be moving. Good-morning."

The taxi-driver nodded agreeably, and turned back to his paper.

Henderson ascended the approach to the bridge, and then he paused. As an author he disliked a tale which did not dispose of all its mysteries. Quickly he walked back and presented himself before the taxi-driver.

"You did not tell me George's ambition," he said.

Alf indicated a certain window with a jerk of his head, which twisted his cheerful countenance into a scowl of acute agony.

"He wanted to come down here and marry her!"

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"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, bearing the well-known Blue and Gold Label, is attractively packed for Christmas giving.



Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL



STUDY OF A SMALL BOY SENT TO FIND THE RIGHT TIME

By G. L. STAMPA

Stories from Everywhere

A young barrister was speaking for the defendants in a civil action, and his long-windedness was obviously boring the court. The leader for the plaintiffs scribbled a note and passed it along to the talkative youth. He, however, did not read it immediately.

The judge had seen the note passed along, and he told the usher to pass the message up to him for his inspection.



10.30 P.M.—GOING

It was noticed that the writer of the note looked extremely uncomfortable at this order.

The judge read the message, folded it again, and passed it back to the young counsel.

"I think this note will be of interest to you," said his lordship, grimly. "It was to me."

The counsel opened the note and was astonished to read this message: "Sit down. Can't you see the old idiot is with you?"



11.15 P.M.—GOING

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

—COLERIDGE.

This story is told of a Scottish caddie, notoriously an independent lot. In an exciting match between two English amateurs over a well-known northern course, one of the players, after studying a tricky shot for some seconds, finally called for his No. 1 iron.

"Naething o' the kind, sir," said the caddie flatly, taking another club out of the bag. "You'll play your brassie. I've got a bob on you to win, and you're gaun to win."



11.45 P.M.—GONE

Friendship? But what is friendship? Can you tell?

Look at the hinges rusting on the gate; Quick then, this breath, while we believe we know— Kiss through your laughter, kiss again—and go.

—ANN HAMILTON.

The grounds-man at a certain county cricket ground was retiring on account of age. He was asked by the club secretary if he could suggest a competent successor.

"Well, now, sir," said the grounds-man, "if it had been a new secretary or captain you wanted, that would be easy. Or a few first-class young players or even a new president. . . . I could have got them almost at once, but a new grounds-man—well—I'm afraid you're askin' the impossible."

If fate throws a knife at you there are two ways of catching it—by the blade and by the handle.

After a few hours with a rod and line on the river, an angler was enjoying a quiet smoke and drink at the local pub, when an old friend walked in.

"What luck have you had to-day?" he asked.

"Only one trout," replied the angler, carelessly.

"Big one?"

"I haven't weighed him yet," said the other, "but I can tell you this—when I pulled him out the water went down two inches."

Dost thou love life? Then squander not time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

—FRANKLIN.

The social worker was making her round of the big prison. She stopped outside one cell and looked through the bars at the inmate.

"Well, my man," she said, "and what brought you here?"

"Well, lady," said the prisoner, "when I was a boy my father said that he wanted me to marry beauty and brains and I wanted to please him."

"Well?" queried the social worker, looking rather puzzled.

"So I went to prison for bigamy," came the reply.




SUNDOWNER

By TWILIGHT JONAH

I.

'Twas on the road to Netherby
I met him one fine morning,
Plodding past the lonely gum trees
And a-lugging of his swag;
He was very rough and dirty,
Just an old Sundowning Gertie;
Stopped and smiled, and looked me over,
Saying "ave yer got a fag?"

II.

Sure his face was lined and dusty,
But his eyes were blue as china,
And his smile was like the sunshine
O'er the desert early morn.
Sat him down beside a boulder,
With a "Must be growin' older,
Still, no 'urry; goin' nowhere;
'Ere we are until we're gone.

III.

"Fifty years I've jumped the blucy;
Maybe just a little barmy,
But I tried me 'and at most things
An' just couldn't settle down;
There's a something sorta gets yer,
It's an 'abit wot grows on yer;
I could never stand fer livin'
In a shut-in bleedin' town.

IV.

"I remembers the old cottage
Wot I lived in as a nipper,
Up in 'New South' close ter Sydney,
Looking out across the sea.
But the sighin' of the palm trees,
And the moonlight on the water
Got me bloomin' feet to itchin'
An' that wos the end o' me.

V.

"So I ships me 'out to Auckland,
Next to Suva, in the Fijies;
On to dreamy old Haiwaia,
Then toward the Golden Gate.
Boiled my billy out of 'Frisco,
Rode the rods through Californie,
Punched some cattle down in Texas;
Couldn't settle—must be fate.



A. F. Bestall

VI.

"Hit up North across the border,
Eastward to the 'Peg I wandered;
Ruddy cold up there in winter,
But I still kept goin' North;
Mushed with Benny up in Timmins;
Made a lot of cash, and blowed it;
Had a fortune if I'd knowed it,
Didn't stay though, just blew off.

VII.

"Worked me South toward the Great Lakes,
Down to where the old St. Lawrence
Cracks her ice up in the Springtime,
An' goes runnin' on her way;
Jumped a brig from off Rimouski
To the land of fog and drizzle;
England's bonzer, London's 'andsome,
But I didn't care to stay.

VIII.

"Bishop's Rock I left behind me;
Teneriffe I 'ad before,
Then the next thing I was doin'
Wos a-trekkin' o'er the veldt;
Cape Town, Jo'burg, Durban knew me;
I 'ave 'ad some bosker chances,
But just couldn't stay located,
Must a been the way I felt.

IX.

"Somethin' in me blood I'm thinkin'
Keeps me always bloomin' 'oppin',
And I'm hittin' now fer Melbourne
Though I ain't just quite sure why.
Guess I'll always be a roamer,
A billy-boilin' 'obo like;
A knockin' 'ere and there again
Until I 'as ter die."

X.

So I left him, one fine morning,
'Twas on the road to Netherby;
Sitting lazy by a boulder
With his back against his swag;
He was very rough and dirty,
Just an old Sundowning Gertie,
Smiled at me, and looked me over;
Bummed the match, and lit his fag.





THE WAITING ROOM

By R. B. BOWES



BOVRIL WILL MAKE YOU 'FIT'!



When you consider our
casual nonchalance nowadays
no doubt



Great Grandmother's
Department would strike
us as stilled and forlorn



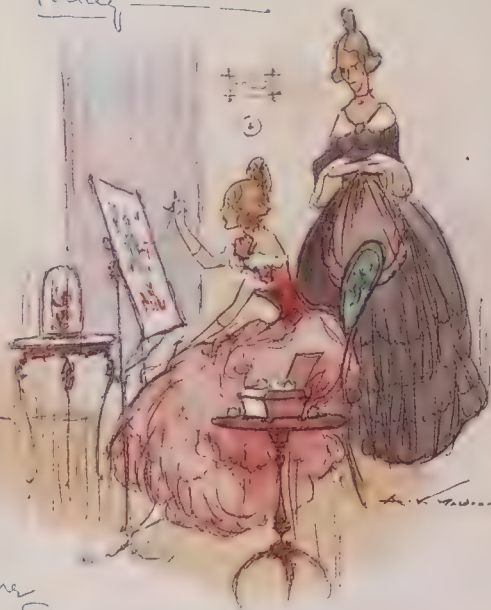
Her athletic accomplishments negligible



and compared with
Today



Her recreations!



Sadly
lacked our
Freedom & Scope

GRANDMA WASN'T QUITE SO SLOW



AS SHE IS MADE OUT TO BE!

By A. K. MACDONALD



THE APPLE

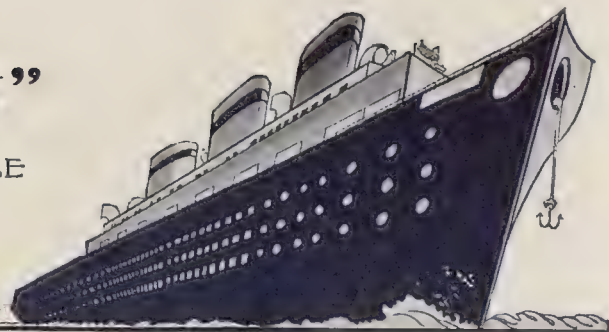
By KAY NIELSEN



"CHARLOCHAPLIN"

A SCENARIO FOR AN HISTORICAL SPECTACLE
PRODUCED IN 1952

by Tom-Titt & Tom-Tatt



NOTE.—The characters, incidents, and complications in this synopsis are utterly imaginary and untrue to life

1569 BLOCK 37, CHELSEA, October 4, 1952.

DEAR OSWALD,—About that idea we gathered over last week at the Castlerosse Grill. Your notion was to revive the old spectacular operette, with somebody from history as the king-pin of the piece (or the queen suspender if a female suited better). Oswald old boy, I've got the very thing. A male and two females, and what a trio!

I've been looking up old programmes from the 1930's, when they last had a craze for big spectacle. There was a show about a gay lad called Casanova, who swung through all the capitals of Europe, making love to empresses and dancers, although he seems from the script to have been a nice lad really.

My plan is to build a spectacle round the world's most famous personality in the early 1930's. Who was he? Why, Charlochaplin, the flicker comedian. Everywhere that Charlo went the crowds were sure to go. The critics said he represented humanity's comic struggles and sorrows. Well, why not put on a musical spectacle about this Charlo, with five revolving stages?

You'll be saying to yourself, Oswald, "Yes, but to bring in the money he's got to have a Love-Life. Where is it?" I admit that Charlochaplin in his biography didn't have a spectacular Love-Life, but why should we worry about that? You, as a manager, would be the first to say that history is bunk when it comes to putting the love-lives of historical characters on the stage. We can bring in with Charlo the greatest of the talkie birds in those days—Greeter Garbo. And in case the highbrows point out that Charlo never tied up with Garbo, we can show it was all a sentimental misunderstanding, see?

I also found references in the theatrical museum to a dashing movie-vamp from London called Tralula, or something like that—maybe it was Lula. We can use her as our Number Three.

Well, Oswald, I'm giving you only the bare skeleton as a first synopsis, and I've done some drawings that will be better than words. Charlochaplin emigrated from London as a poor boy with only one frowsty suit, a moth-eaten bowler hat, and a bundle. So we have a short prologue, showing him tramping to the steamer—you know, the good old slum-lodging-to-Hollywood-Palace theme. Now follow the sequence, Oswald old boy:

Hollywood Scene (drawing above). Charlochaplin has become the biggest nut in Hollywood, and therefore in the world. But he has stayed simple, Oswald. To keep himself modest, he never

wears any hat except the funny old bowler he wore for emigrating. Charlo now wants to do something more for the world than make it laugh, and is off to glad-hand it on a grand tour.

Washington Goldmayer, President of Gargantuan-Universal-Ballyhoo Pictures, Inc., is giving a farewell party for Charlo. You've got to have big marble columns, nude statues, dozens of divans, half a dozen drink-bars, and a big swimming-pool. There's a chorus of male and female film stars in the foreground, labelled across the chest with their names—Dietrich, Fairbanks, Crawford, Gilbert, and so forth. Charlo, in the centre, is surrounded by bathing beauties. They all do the usual opening number: "We are the wa-wa-wa-wa-wa, the world's adored are we."

Relays of old-fashioned drinks like cocktails and highballs are sent around for toasting Charlo and Washington Goldmayer. The bathing beauties in turn throw themselves on Charlo's breast and try to embrace him. He modestly disentangles himself and sings a lyric I've just written, called "Sigh No More, Ladies." The



HOLLYWOOD SCENE: "Charlo modestly disentangles himself and sings 'Sigh No More, Ladies'"

bathing beauties cry, "Life ain't worth living without him!" and throw themselves into the swimming-pool. Male film stars labelled Colman, Barrymore I and Barrymore II, dive in and rescue the bathing beauties. More drinks are passed round. The whole of the chorus jump into the swimming-pool and start screaming. Greeter Garbo, who has been registering disdain R, says "Ay don't laike dis Hollywood vhoopee. Id aren't Art. Twenty tousand dollars a week aren't goot eenuf. Ay go back to Sveden." Charlo lifts his hat to Greeter as she exits R, nose in air. Curtain.

Now revolve to an outdoor set showing the Gothic porch of Washington Goldmayer's palace. Greeter Garbo meditates against a tree. Charlo comes through the front door, carrying a mandolin. Not noticing Greeter, he sits on the steps and sings to the moon

'Continued overleaf,

a lyric I've just written: "Oh, Mistress Miné, where are you Roaming?" Greeter is listening when Washington Goldmayer's publicity hound enters from another direction. Garbo waits till the song is over, kisses her hand to the moon, and exits. The publicity hound goes up to Charlo and remarks, "Well, Mr. Charlochaplin, the melody lingers on." He thinks Charlo has been singing the love song to Garbo, see? Charlo shrugs his shoulders and turns to say farewell to Jackie Coogan—one of the film infants called Jackies that they had in those days. They also had a dog called Rin Tin Tin—come to think of it, Oswald, let's bring him on too—good human stuff, see? Charlo kisses the dog, pats the Jackie on the head, plants his bowler hat firmly over his ears, and exits to let Europe see him. Curtain.

London Scenes (drawing below): Charlo has come to England,



LONDON SCENES: Charlo is feasted at the Savoy-Carlton; he obliges the East End; and meets Sir Ramsay MacDonald

and is being feasted by the famous at the Savoy-Carlton Hotel. Present: Lula, Sir Gerald du Maurier, George B. Shaw, H. George Wells, Noll Coward, Nell Wallace, Grace Fields, Mike Arlen, Charles Laughton, the Marchioness of Astor, and others. Charlo is still modest, but he seems uncomfortable—he doesn't want pomp and glitter, he wants to get down to the Heart of the People, see? Besides, they keep on suggesting he's secretly engaged to Greeter—the Hollywood publicity hound has been busy with cables. He doesn't know how to deny it, without embarrassing Greeter. He turns to Lula, and they drink champagne. They get up and do a number I've just thought of under the new title, "Wine,

Women, and Song." They've been talking about their Art, but the crowd think it's a romance, see? Lula exits towards the ladies' cloakroom, and Charlo is asked whether he likes her as much as Greeter. He does a number called "How happy could I be with Neither." Curtain.

Now revolve to an East End of London set. Charlochaplin, wearing the old clothes he emigrated in, has slipped away from the Savoy-Carlton. He is standing beneath three brass balls when Uncle Lansbury, a Salvationist well known in the 1930's, comes on the set, puts down a soap-box, and starts talking about free milk for the babies. A gang of youngsters suddenly recognize Charlo and rush up to him. He does a dance and sings a number I've just written called "Since that I was a little tiny boy, with hey-ho, the wind and the rain." Uncle Lansbury takes off the lid of the soap-box and hands out sweets from it, Charlo helping him. Curtain.

Now revolve for a short scene showing Charlo in Downing Street with Sir Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister of England. Charlo insists on free milk for the babies, and Sir Ramsay MacDonald promises it shall be done. They shake hands and sing the British National Anthem—"To the days of Auld Lang Syne." A newsboy runs into Downing Street with a placard: "CHARLO'S CHOICE: GREETER OR LULA?" Charlo shudders and jumps into a taxi for Victoria Station. Curtain.

Moscow Scene (drawing below): Charlochaplin is the guest of Dictator Stalin at a special Congress of Russian Soviets in his



MOSCOW SCENE: Charlo declines with regret Dictator Stalin's offer to let him be appointed World Regenerator



JUAN-LES-PINS SCENE: Charlo, wearing monogrammed drawers among the Sun-bathers, modestly raises his hat to Lula

honour. He steps on to a pedestal and makes a lovely Uplift speech to the Commissars. Stalin is so affected that he offers to resign the dictatorship and let Charlo be appointed World Regenerator. Charlo is thinking it over when Stalin's secretary announces the arrival of the great Artist they have invited to be heroine of a Bolshevik national film. Enter Greeter Garbo with Soviet beauty-chorus, a movie operator, and the publicity hound from Hollywood. She curtsies to Stalin, while Charlo stays motionless on the pedestal, pretending to be a Lenin statue.

Here, Oswald, you ought to give the Garbo, with the Soviet beauty-chorus, a big solo number called "Five Year Plan." I haven't written the lyric yet, but the first two lines of the chorus

French Scenes: Charlochaplin has come to rest his nerves on the beach at Juan-les-Pins. The beach is littered with all kinds of sun-bathing bodies, including those of George B. Shaw, Nell Wallace, and some duchesses and débutantes from London. Enter Charlo, wearing nothing except monogrammed drawers and his bowler hat, pensively. He waves his hand to the sun-bathers, chucks George B. Shaw under the chin, and lies down on a rock, looking out to sea.

Enter Lula, unobserved by Charlo. The sun-bathers sit up to attention, and Nell Wallace points out Charlo's back to Lula, who creeps up and kisses him on the neck. He jumps to his feet, modestly raises his hat to Lula, and breaks into song. I'm



PARIS SCENE: Charlo is surrounded by the French President, Greeter, Lula, Guity, Printemps, Chevalier, Mistinguett et al

will be, "Oh, you beautiful Plan, you great big wonderful Plan." Charlo moves on the pedestal just as Garbo is holding out her arms on reaching these lines. He takes off his bowler hat to Greeter. The Hollywood publicity hound rushes off to send news-cables, to appear under the headline: "GREETER CALLS CHARLO A GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL MAN." The Soviet beauty-chorus range themselves R, opposite the Commissars, while Charlo sings a speech declining the Dictatorship with regrets, because of his Art and his complicated Love-Life. Greeter registers disdain, and says, "Ay, t'ink dis is all daam foolishness."

writing a good lyric for it, Oswald: "I do like to be beside the seaside." At the end of the chorus—"There are lots of girls beside I should like to be beside, beside the seaside, beside the sea"—Charlo criss-crosses in and out of the female sun-bathers, with Lula holding on to his hand. The gossip writers present scribble on their pads, "Charlo says he likes the sea—and Lula." Curtain.

Now revolve to a set in Paris, where a National Reception is being held for Charlochaplin. He is welcomed by the French President, and by other famous people like Maurice Chevalier, Paul Poiret, Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps (the last two

(Continued overleaf)

are trying not to notice each other, because they are married, see?). The President reads a speech of welcome, and invites Charlo to be Chairman of the French Academy of Arts and Letters. Charlo sings a lively number called "Paris, Home of Love and Laughter." In the last chorus he is about to accept the offer when he suddenly sees both Greeter and Lula entering, with the Hollywood publicity hound.

He stops short in his singing, and covers his confusion by turning to Maurice Chevalier, who introduces him to Miss Mistinguett (a famous young French beauty of those times, Oswald). Miss Mistinguett politely kisses him on both cheeks, after the French fashion. The publicity hound advances and remarks, "Say, Mr. Charlochaplin, why not turn Mormon? Geez, what a story that 'ud make!" Charlo shudders, and rushes out to take a taxi to Le Bourget aerodrome. Curtain.

Turkish Bath Scene: Charlo has flown to London, and has come to the Turkish bath in Jermyn Street, so as to be alone and meditate on what to do about Greeter and Lula. This, Oswald old boy, is a short scene put in specially for Pathos. The poor little rich fellow can't get away from his fame. And they keep on planting him with a Love-Life he doesn't know what to do with, because he's so modest, see? He wants to be *private*, so to speak, and it's impossible. So he sits in the hot-room (with a towel over his knees for decency), registers pathos, and does a pathetic monologue about how he was happier in the old, East End days, playing at clowns round his mammy's front door.

Charlo looks over the shoulder of a fat man reading an evening paper in the next chair and sees the big headlines: "CHARLO'S



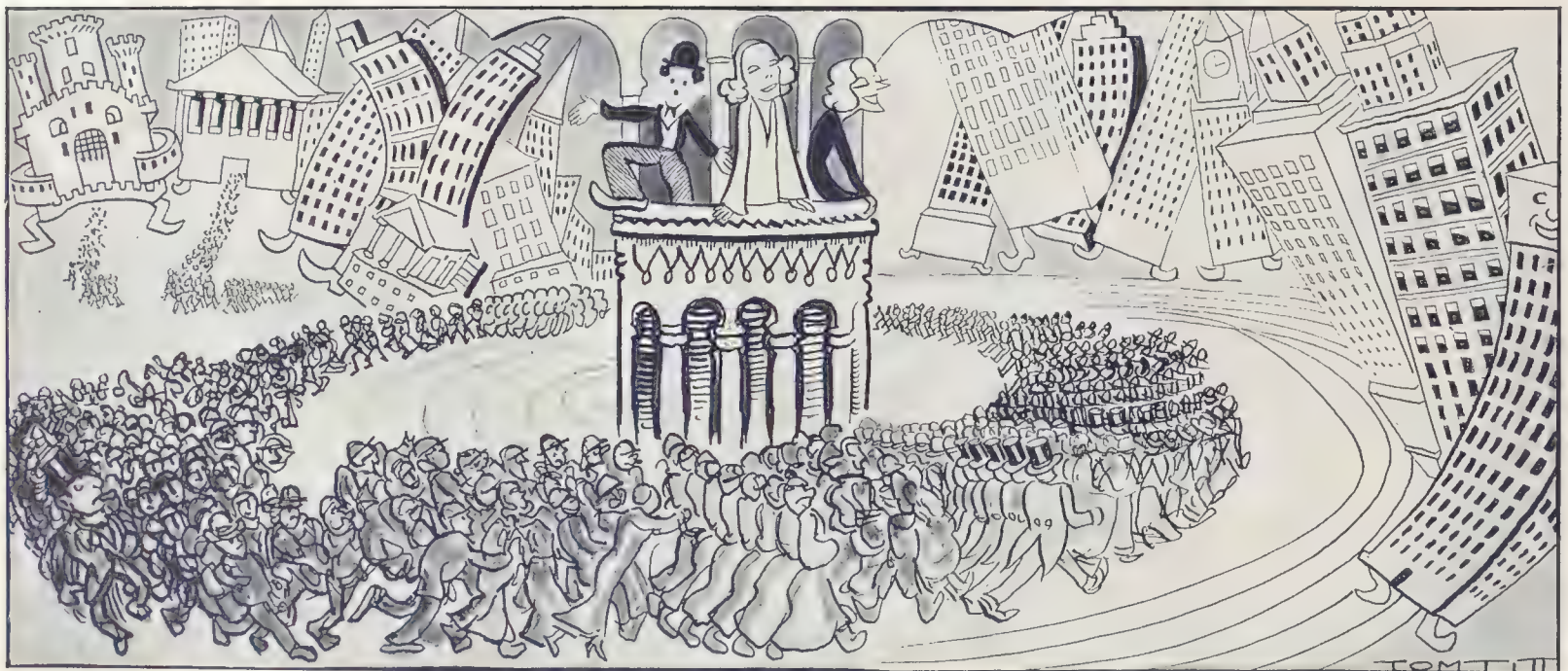
TURKISH BATH SCENE: Charlo Registers Pathos

presence of Washington Goldmayer and the publicity hound. Charlo puts it up to them that Art is more important than Love or even Publicity. Everybody agrees, so Charlo takes his mandolin and sings a lyric I've written called "I could not Love Thee, Dears, so much, Loved I not Honour more." The others take the melody up as a quintette, at the end of which one of the revolving stages turns them out of sight and brings on crowds of stars and bathing beauties, all talking about Charlo's return.

Now for the big, final, stupendous wallop of gorgeousness,

Oswald. All five of the revolving stages get busy, turning round and round with splendid film sets, movie magnates' palaces, towers, pinnacles, gilded chimneys, and so forth. The revolutions stop for awhile when Charlochaplin, Greeter, and Lula look down from a balcony at the crowds. Charlo proclaims that they must renounce carnal love for Art, because it inspires Humanity. They do a trio song from the balcony, "Great is Love, but Art is Greater." The mob below cheers and takes up the refrain. The five revolving stages whirl the whole of Hollywood, with stars, bathing beauties, movie kings, Barrymores, Jackies, Rin Tin Tins, and Mickey Mice doing frantic dances and whoopee. Final curtain.

Well, Oswald, that's the rough idea. Between us we could build it up into the historical show of the century. You can borrow all the music you want from an American composer of those days called Gershwin. I should hire that spectacle-director from Germany, get a Frenchman for Charlo, an Austrian for Greeter, and a Spaniard for Lula. Round off with a Russian ballerina, and all London will rush to see CHARLOCHAPLIN, because it knows that Art is international. And if you want to



GRAND FINAL SCENE: All Hollywood Whirling Round Charlo, Greeter, and Lula, because Art inspires Humanity

FANCY WIDENS. GREETER, LULA—AND MISTINGUETT. AMAZING SCENE IN PARIS. WILL HE TURN MORMON?" He shudders again, and moves across to a bench by himself, where he sings a pathetic lyric I've just written, "A Wand'ring Minstrel I, a Thing of Shreds and Patches." Half-way through it, a shower-bath suddenly starts spraying over his head. He picks up his bowler hat, puts it on, and continues singing. Curtain.

Grand Final Scene.—Charlochaplin is back in Hollywood. He has thought of a solution for the Love-Life tangle, and has asked Greeter and Lula to meet him there. They all forgather in the

be patriotic, Oswald, you can have the scenery painted in London from Italian designs, and you can put on the programme: "Charlochaplin's Bowler Hat by Lock, St. James's; Greeter Garbo's Dresses by Madam Cecilia Hartnell; Soviet Beauty-Girl's Jumpers knitted by Miss Euphemia Thesiger." That sort of thing.

Just consider what I'm offering you, Oswald old boy. All the necessities are there—Sex, Uplift, Romance, Humanity, Pathos, Colour, Pageant, History, and Education; all for 2 per cent. of the Gross, and a thousand bucks in advance. Do I go ahead with the script for you, or shall I take the great idea to Drury Lane? Very sincerely yours, Oswald old boy.—ALAN BOTT.

*Brighten things up
this Christmas
with*



Mackintosh's
*Everybody's
Favourites*

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, "Carnival" and "De Luxe Favourites" are packed in a large variety of Fancy Tins, Boxes, and Caskets at all prices—6d., 1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 4/- etc. Your Confectioner will be pleased to show you a selection.

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX



THE FASTEST RUN ON RECORD

From the gorse upon the hill had "gone" a dog-fox stout and game,
We had left the crowd of craters far behind.
It was gallop, gallop, gallop—taking fences as they came,
And not asking were they strong, or big, or blind.

What a glorious stretch of country—thirty acres to each field,
Rolling pasture just as far as eye could see.
Blackthorn fences with a binder on the top that wouldn't yield,
But when mounted as we were what reckoned we?

We were wide upon the right of hounds, and quite a field behind,
For you couldn't gain a yard at such a pace.
It was gallop, gallop, gallop. May the fates be ever kind,
And grant we see the end of such a chase.

There was plenty good oak timber in the places gaps had been;
You could have it as a change if you desired.
There were ditches filled with cuttings, so they couldn't well be seen,
But so far as you could see none had been wired.

Still the pace was fast and furious; no time to take a pull,
And I'm sure hounds never went so fast before.
It was Devil take the hindmost, and his basket about full,
Without counting those he'd left upon the floor.

Then the country changed a little, and the grass was mixed with plough,
And the fences not so big, nor ditches wide.
There are willows in the distance; there's a brook to come, I vow,
But if luck holds good we'll take it in our stride.

We are over! Thank Diana, but what's this?—it's wire, I swear!
And allotments! houses! pigsties! Who from cursing could refrain?
We are running into Rugby in a minute we'll be there;
We've been hunting in the old one-thirty train!

G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.



PORTERS

From the picture by A. AIRY, R.I., R.O.I., R.E.



"He laughed now, in his dressing-room, into his looking-glass"

EDMONDE, Achille, and Colette—we have met them before, over and over again; the same familiar group in the same traditional situation: Achille nicely placed between the two women. One, the great actress of the Théâtre National, passionately in love with the *jeune premier*, slim, tall, handsome and, let us say charitably, twelve years her junior, who plays "opposite" her; the other, Colette, the wan, deserted little wife eating her heart out, humbly waiting for him to return to her, comforting herself with the thought that one day the siren will grow old, too old for Achille, too old even for her public, lined and bony and haggard.

But on a certain night in May, when the sense of silent happenings both in front of the curtain and behind it were drawn taut as the skin of a drum, the principals in the drama had somehow got their rôles strangely out of their conventional pattern. Achille, who should have been in despair—for it was his last night at the Théâtre National, his last night of acting "opposite" Edmonde, the famous Edmonde Laugier—was, on the contrary, radiant with animation and confidence. He was going back to his wife, to Colette, aged only twenty-seven. It had gone on long enough, this submission of his personality to a much older woman. It was no better than slavery. They had had quarrels, who knows? The members of the Théâtre National company had watched and wondered and whispered for months now, waiting in suspense for the dying affair to reach its violent death. His pride had suffered at being always, here at the theatre, only second in the esteem of the public and, what was more important in the eyes of the management and the directors, Edmonde was the star, Achille an excellent young actor still learning his job. Very well, let them see what young fool could charm the ladies of Paris, in their fauteuils and their loges, as he had charmed them, he, Achille Labiche, that fine actor—even the directors, grumbling at what they inhumanly

termed his exorbitance and his vanity, conceded him that. But, they added, there were other fine actors more content to be subordinate to Edmonde Laugier, and in this firmament they needed only one star. "*Eh bien!*" retorted Achille Labiche, in his soul, "there will be a time when on their knees they will plead with me to return to the Théâtre National, and I shall laugh, I!"

He laughed now, in his dressing-room, into his looking-glass, for the unheard-of thing in the history of that theatre had been done: he had not renewed his contract. Colette had lost her father recently, and had thus acquired a useful little lump of capital. He had arranged his future prudently. First, he would take out his own company on tour in one of his old successes, but rearranged so that the principal male part offered dazzling chances, while what had once been Edmonde's part—why, it was cut down so that any little stage daisy could play it. Colette, even, could play it. She was not a bad actress, *la petite Colette*. They were to start out next week to the big towns. "Achille Labiche" was already flaming and thrilling across the posters of France, long before his actual arrival. If he listened he thought he could hear the rustle of his own name at Grenoble, Lyons, Nîmes, Avignon—"Achille Labiche—Achille Labiche—il vient—il vient de Paris!"

As for Edmonde, she must learn to do without him. His career was exclusively absorbing. Eight years was a long period to sacrifice from one's career, reflected Achille the ungrateful. To-night, for the last time, he would play that big second act from *Le Cheval Zain*, in the curiously appropriate character of the title part; a black or bay horse without a fleck of white—without a fleck of pity—he would approach the bed where Edmonde lay, preparing for her final stricken appeal.

The play within a play!

Achille was faintly diverted at the ironic parallel between the real and the mock situation, and more than a little

compassionate. *La pauvre Edmonde*—would she find it easier or harder than usual to play that scene to-night? He himself would find it harder, but then he was a man of heart, of deep emotions, of sensitive imagination. He would be glad when it was all over and he and Colette reunited at supper, would have time to look backwards with an indifferent shrug, and forwards to a dream that was soon to come true. For one day, next year already, if fortune were kind, he would have his own theatre, his own company in Paris itself: Théâtre Achille Labiche!

Act II rushed to its passionate close at a superlative pace that night. Perhaps the tension in the air had something to do with it. The more initiate among the audience had doubtless heard rumours of the affair that was to be broken; an affair that had gone on long enough to become a legend of the Théâtre National, a legend of theatrical gossip, Edmonde Laugier and her Achille! Speculation and contradiction stirred and rustled in the front rows, wind among the harsh ears of corn; to-night, they say, the man leaves the theatre, and leaves the actress. He returns to his wife. What is it? Is it conscience, or does he weary of *la Laugier*? Is it just that she is too old, or has the wife inherited money? What is the mysterious power of the wife?

They say he has quarrelled with the directors, but he would not do that had he not wanted an excuse. They say she is desolate. She will not recover from the blow. They say that she cares, they say that she does not care; that she is cold, that his youth has exhausted her; that she desires someone more sophisticated, more subtle. They say that she cares, they say that she does not care. You can see in her acting to-night how real it is to her, and how terribly she suffers. You can see in her acting to-night that it means nothing to her, that she is glad to be rid of him. They say that she cannot be a day less than fifty—or even fifty-five. Look! That is his wife, up there in the loge, the wife of Achille Labiche; what is she thinking of, watching on an

inscrutable slant, while the pair on the boards below play their tragic-farewell?

"Thinking? She? *Mon ami*, you romanticize! She is thinking of how everyone is envying her her new dress for the occasion! *Mon Dieu*, that dress of a quite ferocious petunia! It makes me feel very ill to look at it."

"Yet she has been without him for—how long is it? Six, seven years now. I have seen the play before. I tell you it is *effrayant* the way they play that love scene; almost I would leave before it begins—*la pauvre Edmonde* . . ."

"That wife of Achille Labiche, she sits up there as though she were stuffed. I do not like her."

For the frail, fair, wan, sad-eyed Colette of our first conventional picture was, in regrettable flat statement, a robust young woman with red cheeks, bright brown eyes, and frizzy black hair. To-night her lips were folded together in a smile that had indeed no malice in it, but a comfortable certainty that was worse perhaps than a more savage triumph over her ageing rival. What did it matter how well they played that love scene at the end of Act II? They had played it ardently more than a hundred times before—yes, but what mattered was that they would not play it again. Achille had told her himself, *le chou*, that he was sick of it! Yes, yes, everything comes to an end, if you wait long enough, and do not wear yourself out with stupid tears. And now *le Papa* was dead, and her legacy of 100,000 francs would be an enormous help to so handsome and so gifted a young husband. To-night, when he had said good-bye to Edmonde—it was a tiresome business, saying good-bye, but Achille would not dally too long, he was no sentimentalist, thank God!—they would have supper *chez Gustave*. She and Achille had always eaten there in the old days before he was enchanted by Edmonde. It was unlikely that he had ever taken Edmonde to *chez Gustave*. . . .

Colette returned with a start to her surroundings. It was agreeable enough to sit here raised above a particularly chic audience, and observe them lorgnetting her, and no doubt pitying Edmonde. Colette allowed her too round eyes

(Continued on p. 33)



" . . . they would have supper *chez Gustave*. She and Achille had always eaten there in the old days before he was enchanted by Edmonde"



DIANA

By WALDEN HAMMOND

Outline of an Actor

—Continued from p. 31

to roam from the fauteuils to the stage itself. Ah! she had not realized time was flying; already they approached the end of Act II. How beautifully her Achille played his part! But—bah! It was only acting, and she was not one to be moved by sham gestures and sham sobs. She leaned forward, interested to discover if those were real tears that Edmonde was shedding, now that she lay in his arms for the last time—the last time within the last time. Yes, they were real! "*Tiens, c'est un peu triste, ça!*"

And in the whole house, not another frock to compare with hers. Colette was glad she had chosen that vivid shade of petunia.

The play was over. A crowd had assembled in Edmonde's decorous pearl-grey and lemon dressing-room; friends from the front of the house; friends who had not been present at the play, but who had rushed in from other theatres, anxious to hear to what state the poignant occasion had reduced her; two of Edmonde's own sisters, one solicitous with a moustache, the other without; three or four nieces and their very correct fiancés. . . . And, in silent support, not only in her room, but outside and all down the stairs, members of the company, loyal as a bodyguard, stern as justice. They did not flow in and flow out of the room again in the usual way, this crowd of supporters, but remained jammed and packed together against the delicate hangings, feeling stubbornly that it was best that Edmonde should not be left alone in her impending desolation.

Her friends and family all assured her, in shrill repetition, that she had been *magnifique*, that never had she been better than to-night, that it was *incroyable* how she had moved them, that Paris adored her, that she had surpassed all limitations and had soared into the realms of Bernhardt and Rachel and Duse.

What was really agitating their curiosity was the question of whether the real parting, the off-stage parting, could as yet have taken place?

Edmonde's room was honey-sweet with flowers. One particularly enormous basket of orchids and lilies, with flashy bows, was the object of many sliding glances. This must be from the monster himself! The gay, the fickle monster! At last a brother-in-law furtively examined the visiting card attached to the handle, and found that it was from a perfectly innocuous and warmly sympathetic elderly colleague. So the monster had not even sent her flowers! But they were wronging Achille, for they had not noticed a very nice bunch of mauve

(Continued on a later page)



SIGNORINA CLELIA MATANIA

The beautiful daughter of the famous artist, Fortunino Matania, R.I., who was her father's model for this attractive picture. Fortunino Matania has a European reputation and is as well known in the galleries of his own country as he is in England, where he has lived for so many years. He did some illustrative work of outstanding merit during the War

SOME MASTER MINDS OF



A COLLECTION OF SOME OF LONDON

The key to this picture, which must interest anyone who is fond of a good dinner and has a kindly feeling towards his (and her) friends in London, is as follows: Gennaro (Gennaro's), Meschini (Pagani's), Heck (Simpson's-in-the-Strand), Abel (Ivy), Pastori (Grosvenor House), F. Ferraro (Berkeley Restaurant), Loustalot (Chatham), Giordano (Kettner), Aletto (Ritz), Charles (Mayfair), Ernesto Quaglino (Ambassador), Oddenino (Oddenino's), Pratesi (Carlton), Ernesto Quaglino and Giovanni Quaglino (Quaglino's).

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office of the artist.

GOOD CHRISTMAS CHEER!



LONDON'S FAMOUS RESTAURATEURS

often-abused interior economy, is as follows: Left to right (top row)—Maurice (Trocadero), Fernandez (Royal Palace, e), Mazzoni (Piccadilly). On the staircase, left to right, from the bottom step—Benini and Vecchi (Hungaria), Cavadini Front row, left to right—Hector (Claridge's), Peter (Embassy), Ferraro (Ciro's Club), Sovrani (Malmaison), Peter Mazzina uagliano's), Santarelli (Savoy Restaurant), Zavattoni (Savoy Banqueting), and Manetta (Savoy Grill)

offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

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Nothing expresses the bond of goodfellowship so well as Black & White. A case of this old Scotch is a gift which will convey your greetings in the right spirit, and incidentally demonstrate your own good judgment of a perfect whisky.

In Special Christmas Cases of various sizes.



"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

"The Sign of a Perfect Blend"





Sir Swashbuckler looketh upon ye fayre ladye and so also dothe ye milde minstrel



Sir Swash: "Who looketh where I looketh, looketh his'n last"



Ye milde minstrel bethinketh him



Ye cunning introduction of ye dope



Ye dope taking all ye buckle out of Sir Swash, ye milde minstrel maketh ye running



Ye close-uppe

Dudley Tennant

Y^e Swash-buckler v. y^e Minstrel

By DUDLEY TENNANT



LES FRÈRES DE LA COSTE

From the picture by LAWSON



"Some Christmas, eh!"

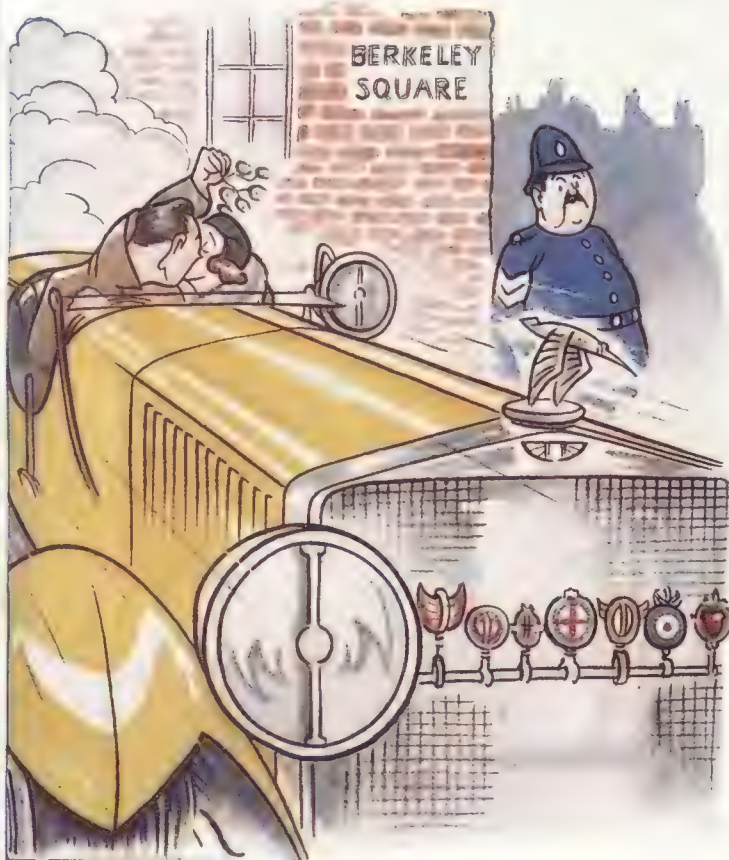
DEWAR'S



PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM



ETHEL M. DELL



MICHAEL ARLEN



SAX ROHMER

CHRISTMAS WITH THE WRITERS—I

By PATRICK BELLEW



EVELYN WAUGH



TCHEKOV



KIPLING



SITWELL

P. BELLEW.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE WRITERS—II

By PATRICK BELLEW



FANTASIA TO THE BALLET

By NORMAN LINDSAY

Touring Company

(Continued from p. 5)

said Mr. Gunn profanely. "Darned good of him to come up here and mix himself up with rough-necks."

Sylvie Hale was genuinely distressed at having hurt his feelings. She did her best to apologize quite simply and honestly. But we cannot, I suppose, altogether blame Wally Gunn for cutting up pretty rough. Again, Sylvie being a spirited girl, she did not stand for being cut up rough with, especially when she knew she was really in the wrong. The result was that Dad, arriving puzzled and almost apologetic upon the scene, and inquiring mildly what the devil all the row was about, was told to mind his own business by both parties and weighed in with some toughish up-country invective of his own. The scene, in short, presented another striking example of the lack of the seasonable peace-and-good-will stuff.

Eventually Mr. Wally Gunn retired to his car with the Christmas present he had brought for Sylvie in his pocket and in his heart a fiery resentment against the English cricket team in general and our friend the rapturous Dandy in particular.

Tradition has made a masterful man of the Australian stock-farmer. He has been tanned by the sun and hardened by the rains, and altogether soused through and through by various extremes of weather until he is stout of texture as one of his own stock-whips. On the domestic side he is absolute boss, a he-man in excelsis. Not even the bold, be-spangled femaletrainer of performing lions would stand an earthly chance at the job of hen-pecking a squatter.

Sylvie knew that if she married Wally Gunn it would mean complete surrender, service, obedience, and devotion to duty, which would largely consist of the rather humdrum occupation of brewing lashings and lashings of tea. But the Australian girl has become emancipated in these days. Her ambition is to visit England, and in many cases to marry an Englishman. Sylvie had not met many Englishmen, but she had absorbed the yearnings of her school friends in Sydney, and when the glorious figure of Dandy Stratton swam into her ken, wallop went the cause of Wally Gunn. This gentleman, with a frame like wrought steel, and a mind almost as solid, was not the type to acknowledge a wallopped cause. He occupied the twenty-mile run back to his own station from Jackson Ridge with dour schemes for the immediate and abject crushing of England.

Dandy, being Dandy, was allowed a belated mass of Chicken Maryland, after which he went with some of the boys to the pictures. On his return the hotel clerk delivered a further message from Jackson Ridge.

"Ow, Mr. Stratton, Miss Hile says don't start off in the morning. She's got a car, and 'll call for you here at ten."

"What? Why, Dandy Stratton. You know—the England cricketer."

"Oh, one o' those cows,"

"Good-oh!" cried Dandy enthusiastically, in the idiom of the country.

Mr. Pogson, as luck would have it, was within earshot. He immediately became aggressive.

"What's this? What's this? You're expected to spend an entirely inactive and temperate day to-morrow in view of —"

"I'm going to spend a corker," said Dandy. "In view of the fact that I've discovered that peach."

"What? What's all this about starting off? How far do you intend going?"

"Only about a hundred miles."

"Oh, preposterous! Think of the situation. We are both not out. With any fortune we should succeed in adding at least a hundred runs together on Monday. If you go gadding about all to-morrow we shall most certainly do no such thing. What time do you intend getting back here?"

"Oh, in time to run you out," said Dandy.

He went to bed; Gussy, bubbling with indignation, to complain to the manager. But Mr. Braham proved regrettably obtuse and spineless in the matter.

"I'd let Dandy be," he said. "From what I know of him it'll do him good."

"Will it indeed!" cried Gussy. "You mark my words. He'll be dismissed on Monday without addition to his overnight score."

Ten o'clock on Christmas morning found Dandy pacing the steps of the hotel like a panther at feeding-time. A brawny son of the soil wearing an open network shirt and an enormous hat disentangled himself from an obsolete touring model and approached him.

"You, Stratton?"

"Yes."

"Jump in. Sylvie stopped half-way to call on some friends. Christmas greetings and that. She didn't want to keep you waiting. So we're to pick her up on the way back."

"Oh," said Dandy without marked pleasure. "I suppose you're the—the fellow she spoke about on the 'phone?"

"Too right," assented Mr. Gunn.

The tourer, though a pretty pacey vehicle for a veteran, proceeded about as silently as a hot number played by a negro band. Nor did Mr. Gunn himself encourage conversation. In fact, after his opening statement, he confined himself almost exclusively to replies of one syllable. But Dandy was not in an inquiring mood, and was content for the most part to gaze at somewhat uninspiring country, consisting largely of gum trees, and to revel in the delights of anticipation.

The route was attractive enough at first—across the Hawke River and bearing up towards the eastern foot of the Blue Mountains. But soon Mr. Gunn swung off along an exceedingly secondary track and incited the steaming tourer to explore a very hot, dusty, and unfrequented stretch of country. Dandy wasn't worrying what the district was like so long as it contained Sylvie. At length

(Continued overleaf)



IF EVERYBODY SPOKE THE TRUTH

"I declare this stone well and truly laid—and knowing as I do the contractors employed on this building, I predict it will be unique in that respect!"

Touring Company

(Continued from p. 43)

from the road in a plantation, and jerked a horny thumb.

"That's where Sylvie is," he said. "Care to getter?"

"You bet," said Dandy. He leapt from the car and ran up the steep bank from the roadway to the plantation. Here he suddenly pulled up. Through the trees he got for the first time a clear view of the bungalow. It was a tumble-down shack, dilapidated, windowless, and deserted.

Dandy swung round. From the roadway resounded the metallic scream of some tortuous gear-changing. Next moment the tourer was beating its fuming retreat in a cloud of dust.

At one o'clock, Dad, who was lacking in sentimentality regarding the observances of Christmas, came flicking the dust from his gaiters with a crop and shouting to Sylvie for what he called his "tucker." This, in the form of the most *recherché* Christmas dinner that Sylvie could manage, was all prepared; so, after a deliberate and very successful toilet, was Sylvie herself. She was waiting outside the rough wooden gate at the foot of the short drive, anxiously scanning the long bare stretch of road.

She shouted back suddenly and eagerly, "Hold on, Dad. Here's a car at last." The reply of Dad, who was hungry, was fortunately confined to soliloquy.

Sylvie's face fell. She recognized the tourer. Wally Gunn, his network shirt begrimed with the dust of the road, was, like his car, obviously overheated; but at least he could not complain that his reception was too warm.

As he walked with her up the drive he took sardonic stock of Sylvie in her disconsolate best. "What are you narked about?" he inquired. "I s'pows your bloke hasn't come after all, eh?"

"He must have lost his way."

"Ow, he couldn't have done. Straight road."

"He started all right," said Sylvie. "I rang up the hotel at twelve o'clock, and they said he went off this morning as arranged."

Wally laughed curtly. "What d'you s'pows you mean to a cove like that? Every Jane in town ready to make a fuss of 'em. I'll bet he's hooked on to something else."

Mr. Gunn's local knowledge had stood him in good stead. A survey of the shack and its surroundings assured Dandy that to regain anything like civilization would mean a long and tedious walk. The sun was at its noontide fiercest—the day was an absolute scorcher. With admirable philosophy he decided that to fume in rage was worse

than useless, it was exhausting. The shack, at any rate, provided shelter. His wants were few—two in chief: to see Mr. Gunn again for a minute and an ample supply of beer. These being denied him, he must make the best of things for the present. He was at least fulfilling his pip-squeak of a captain's wishes—he was spending an entirely inactive and temperate day.

Wally Gunn fairly revelled in his success as a strategist. He was at his most roughnecked during the Christmas meal, eating terrifically, and rallying the wistful Sylvie between, and indeed during, mouthfuls. Not content with this, he chose to employ the hour of Dad's afternoon nap in a particularly peremptory and aggressive essay in courtship.

But Sylvie could look after herself all right. She felt her disappointment keenly, and Wally might have known

he was working up something for himself by baiting her about it. When he laid his beefy hands on her she released herself nimbly and caught him a clinking smack on his leathery chaps.

"Don't you pull any more of that stuff on me, you hulking great guzzling tough," she cried. "I'll wait and find someone thoroughbred, thank you. You can go back to your station and rope your steers and brand *them*. You won't treat me that way."

This, of course, prompted Mr. Gunn's moment of triumph. The darned little cat must be shown that he was more than a match for her blinking cricketing coves. In a raucous outburst of angry delight he told her how her friend, Mr. Dandy Stratton, had been fooled and where and how he was spending his Christmas. He chor-tled to see the fire of anger in Sylvie's

eyes give way to welling consternation.

"So that's what your game's been," she said in a choking voice. "Well, that's settled you with me."

"And him," said Wally. "The cow can't get the better of *me*."

He brought his great hands together with a bang of delight. Even as he did so, Sylvie in a flash was through the front door. It slammed behind her, and by the time Wally had it open she was down the drive. She vaulted the wooden gate in her stride. Once more the tourer screeched into gear and thundered into flight.

When Dad arose from his siesta he found Wally Gunn striding about the sitting-room, threatening the ornaments, and muttering language calculated to ignite the furniture. But Dad, whose long association with cattle had perhaps rendered him somewhat bovine himself, merely jerked a heedless head, and went out to spend the rest of his Christmas afternoon in his favourite company. So Wally remained alone, save for some domestic nonentity in the

(Continued on p. vi)



SCENE—A HIGHLAND INN

The Shadow: Hi, mistress! There's a body in the bar!



A.E. Bestall

CHAIRING THE CAPTAIN
(A Rugger Tragedy)
By A. E. BESTALL

The following story concerns Sir Edward Parry, the famous judge. One of the earliest lessons he learned from judicial duties was to sympathize with domestic frailties. Once a man entered the witness-box and supported his wife in a story which was patently absurd.

"You had better be careful," warned Sir Edward, "for I tell you frankly I don't believe a word your wife has said."

"You can believe her or not, as you like," replied the man, mournfully; "I've got to!"

I'm not denying the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.
—GEORGE ELIOT.

An Englishman and a Frenchman met in an hotel to talk business. The Englishman asked his companion what he would have to drink.

"I'll have a drop of ze contradiction," was the reply.

"What on earth do you mean—the contradiction?"

"Well," said the Frenchman, "you put in the whisky to make it strong, the water to make it weak, the lemon to make it sour, the sugar to make it sweet. Then you say 'Here's to you,' and you drink it yourself."

Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.

—ZIMMERMANN.

A clerk went into his employer's room and told him he was shortly going to be married and would very much like a rise in salary.

"I'm afraid I can't possibly manage it," said the employer, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again so that you will have an excuse to get away."

Four years of a love affair: 1—Darling!!! 2—Dearest!! 3—Hullo, old thing! 4—Oh, Lord! Is that you?

An amateur boxer accepted the invitation of a professional pugilist who announced that he was ready to meet all comers. The local prodigy entered the ring and gave his

A Few More Stories

name to the referee. As the referee was introducing him the amateur whispered something in his ear.

"Kid Smith desires me to state," said the referee, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

The two men squared up. The professional ducked a wild swing, led with his right, and knocked the amateur down. The referee stood over the fallen one, counting him out.

At eight the dazed youth got upon his knees. At nine he spoke in a faint whisper. The referee raised his hand for silence.

"Kid Smith also desires me to state," he said, "that this is his last appearance in any ring."

Experience is a little cottage made with the débris of those palaces of gold and marble which we call our illusions.

Two Welsh women were talking. Mrs. Morgan said to Mrs. Jones:

"Which would you rather be in, a collision or an explosion?"

"Why, indeed to goodness," replied Mrs. Jones, "a collision; for in a collision — there you are, but in an explosion where are you?"

Every hero becomes a bore at last.

The barber had finished his customer's hair-cut, and was endeavouring to sell some of his own preparations.

"Now this really is a hair-restorer, sir," he said, persuasively. "Why, a little time ago a customer drew the cork out

of a bottle with his teeth, and the next time he came in he had grown a moustache!"

Genius is one part inspiration and three parts perspiration.

To the consternation of the guests the vicar was very late for the marriage ceremony. Years afterwards he met the bridegroom, and shaking him by the hand remarked, "Well, John, it's just ten years ago this month that I gave you such an awful fright."

"Yes, sir," said John gloomily, "and I've still got her, too."



"TWO LARGE EARL'S COURTS, PLEASE!"



The advertisement features two bottles of Haig whisky. On the left is a bottle of John Haig & Co. Ltd. Gold Label Liqueur Scotch Whisky, with a white label and a gold seal. On the right is a bottle of Simple Scots Whisky, with a dark label and a gold seal. Both bottles are surrounded by holly leaves and red berries. The word 'Haig' is written in large, stylized letters across the top, partially obscured by the holly. Below the bottles, the text 'A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!' is followed by a paragraph about the gift of Haig. At the bottom, a line of text states '(NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE)'.

Haig

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD.
Creating Haig & Haig Ltd
MARKINCH
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTD 1627
MADE IN SCOTLAND

Simple Scots
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD.
MARKINCH

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

No better expression could be found for that age-old wish than the welcome gift of Haig.

(NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE)



Outline of an Actor—cont. from p. 33

irises, nice but small, standing among the rest, with a slightly too flowery inscription of which the main ingredients referred to were her transcendental genius and his timid respect.

(Achille and Colette had discussed the matter, and had decided that it did not do to spend sums too recklessly on the eve of going into expensive management, but that it would look odd if he did not send anything; also that pale mauve irises were somehow appropriate to a middle-aged leading lady!)

Nobody ever knew of what Edmonde was thinking. That was the worst of Edmonde. She was laughing now, not forced hysterical laughter, but quite gaily, when Achille—what a shock, and what a thrill!—pushed his way into the dressing-room, his tall, arrowy figure moving towards her with the strength and grace of a panther.

So he intended saying farewell in front of them all, as once before, to-night, he had said farewell in front of them all? She would have to endure it twice—when she felt so brittle that a touch would break her. Dear Achille, how like him!

Edmonde's eyes, the colour of rain, disconcerted him. They should have been drenched with tears. They disconcerted Achille by their expression of—what was it? Courteous mockery? He could not be sure. He saw that she was pale, for she had already removed her make-up; ah, but terribly pale. They all noticed that. Was she about to faint? No, that was not like Edmonde.

They watched intently.

She put out welcoming hands, and while Achille, murmuring something confused and vaguely tender, kissed first one and then the other, she had the wit to quote the last-line-but-one of their big scene in Act II, and to wait, lips curved in mischief, for him to counter with the curtain line.

Achille straightened himself; looked at her reproachfully. She was tall, too, and slender, like himself; their eyes were on a level. He could not understand how any woman could be so audacious, when all the world knew her heart was shattered. "It has been a long run," he said, leaving his own stage line unspoken, thus emphasising her want of tact and feeling; "we have been extremely fortunate, *n'est-ce pas, chère Edmonde*, to have had" so long and so successful a run?"

Undoubtedly she was looking old to-night. The strain of a public parting. . . . "Ah, that eleven years of difference," thought her intimates with a sigh. "It has to be paid for." Achille was thirty-one, Edmonde forty-two. A forty-two of quality. She was asking him now about his plans, his ambitions? Achille in reply boasted fluently for a few moments, till he remembered, a little too late, that even the best young actor in the world should acquire a reputation for an almost unearthly modesty . . . and then he rapidly stated that he owed everything to Edmonde; his trifling share of talent and glory, what was it compared with —

"Soon you will come to Paris," she interrupted, "we shall miss our *Chevalier à la Rose*. . . ."

(Continued on p. 51)

NIGHT AND EVENING

By ERNEST PROCTER



THE MAN WHO PULLED THE CORD OF THE CHELTENHAM FLYER

By H. M. BATEMAN

"I said STOP,
an' he STOPPIT!!"



KING GEORGE IV

WORLD-FAMED PRODUCT OF
THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD., EDINBURGH



Outline of an Actor

(Continued from p. 48)

A strain of phantom music drifted across the stuffy room. . . . Achille lifted his eyebrows again, shocked at an illusion so callous, yet so subtle, so improper. He missed the gallantry! What he expected was the drip of slow treacle from her soul. But instead she referred to some small topical joke current in the company, a thread-bare well-worn joke, but they all took it up and echoed it with boisterous enthusiasm—any pretext, to help their beloved leading lady through her ordeal. Under cover of the babel, she added, quite simply: "Take care of yourself, Achille. I have been so fond of you." Achille kissed her hands again, and retired quickly. And though Edmonde's dresser shook her fist after him, this was only seen by one or two.

So—no stormy tears? No wild reproaches? No display of temperament? Not even the furniture disarranged, nor a vase broken, nor bouquets hurled through the air? The word *perfidie* not even mentioned between them? Her

dressing-room audience were disappointed, even in their relief; they had been robbed of the scene of the Deserted Mistress and the Faithless Young Lover, or, in moral phrasing, Domesticity Triumphant and Sin in the Soup.

And yet by some curious paradox it almost seemed that they had just seen a sorrowful wife bidding good-bye with admirable dignity to a young husband beckoned away by a flamboyant mistress.

"More, *mon adoré*?"

"But certainly more. They are excellent. Gustave surpasses himself."

"Monsieur Achille is too kind. It is a long time since we have seen Monsieur Achille at supper here."

"What follows this, my good Gustave?"

"*Une terrine de pâté de foie gras aux truffes de Périgord.*"

"Ah, then leave this dish on the table with us, *n'est-ce pas*, Colette, while you go and fetch your terrine, and see that it is a large one. I have an appetite. It is long since I have had such an appetite. And you, my Colette?"

"I, too, have an appetite."

"What is it that our Gustave buries in the terrine that makes it so succulent, so different from other terrines?"

"That is his secret, Achille. But listen, *mon petit*, I have good news for you; he has given me the recipe! You need never again be without *terrine de foie gras Maison Gustave*, even in your own home."

"Colette, you are a marvel, I swear it!—Again, Gustave! Why do you carry it away?"



"Yus, 'e's got a nice little business—makes a lot o' money, so they say—but I ain't never seen 'im spend none. I dunno wot 'e does with it—investigates it, I 'spose"

"There was so little left, monsieur. I thought . . ."

"It is true. I regret. There is very little. Now there is none. No matter, I think I will go back to the *saucissons chauds de Lyons*."

"Monsieur would not perhaps rather go on to the *langouste à l'Américaine* which I have prepared for him?"

"Presently, my good Gustave, presently. We have the whole night before us. Keep your *langouste* waiting. Or perhaps my wife would prefer —?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no! I, too, would enjoy some more *saucissons chauds*. This is a good thing about them, that they do not take away one's desire to eat. They increase it."

"You find that? It is strange. I find the same. Ah, Colette, it is good, *n'est-ce pas*, to be together again?"

"Yes, it is good."

"I do not know how it is, Colette, but without you— You have an irresistible attraction for me. I cannot describe it; it is a yearning, an instinct. Now I am ready

for the *langoustes*. Ah, they smell like a little bit of paradise!"

"Monsieur will find that they taste, too, like a little bit of paradise. No one else to-night in my restaurant has had even a nibble of this paradise. There were not enough, so I said to Madame Gustave, I: 'It is a little fête to-night *pour nous autres*, that M. Achille returns again. We will keep the *langoustes* for him,

and not let it be known that we have —'"

"Again, Gustave. Have I had twice or three times?"

"It has been passed to you but twice, *mon ange*. Eat well, I beg of you. You have had a most fatiguing evening."

"It is true. Ah, Colette, you do not know how I have missed you. You will pardon me these years of oblivion. I could not help it. My career —"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. I understand. I understand everything. Those *langoustes*, they are delicious. *Hélas!* they were delicious. They linger in my mind."

"Comfort yourself, madame. I bring you *Caneton Copernique à la crème de champignons*. Then monsieur and madame no doubt will not object to dividing a *Bombe Nesslerode*?"

"Do not concern yourself to divide. I know those *bombes* of yours, Gustave. Men have fought wars for less. Everything will I divide with my dear wife, but not *Bombe Nesslerode*. And after that, look you, I am finished. A mere salad —"

"Not forgetting a *souffçon* of garlic."

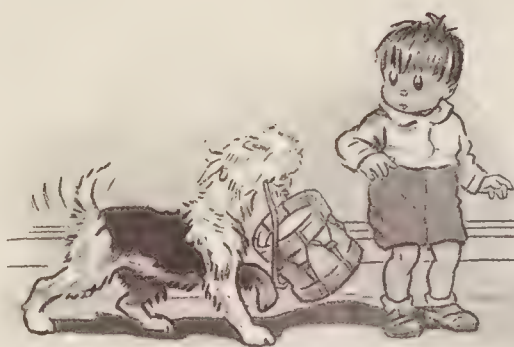
"My jewel, you suffuse my soul! Tears would be a balm! It is so long since I was allowed even that *souffçon!*"

"Is it possible?"

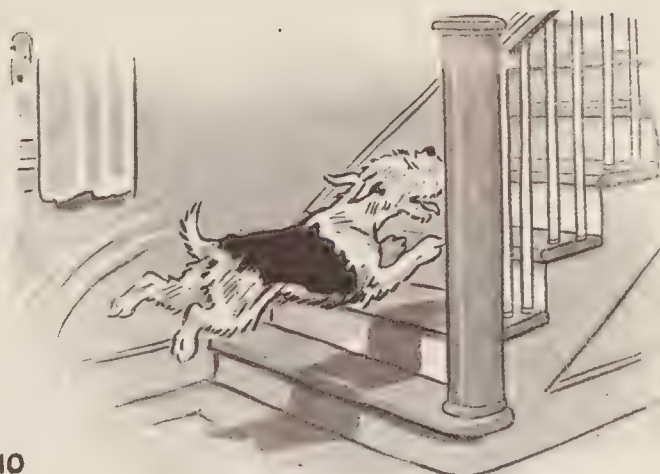
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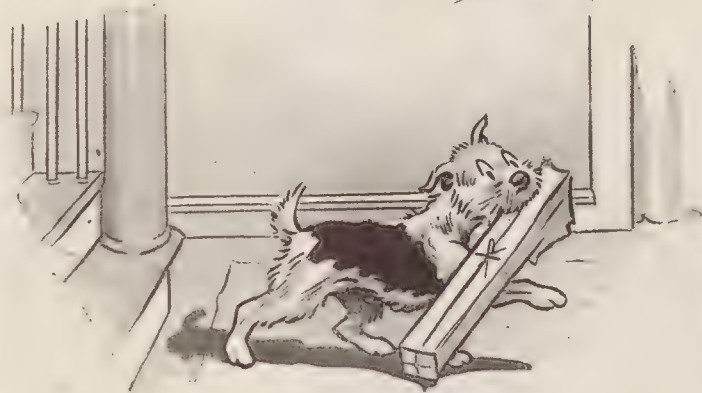
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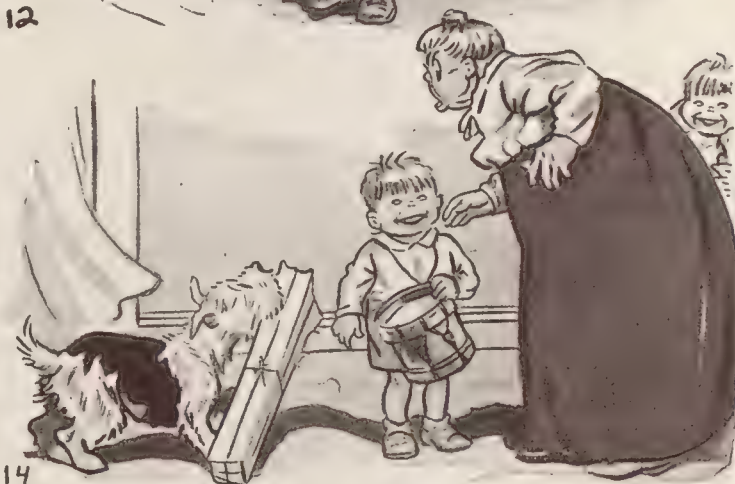
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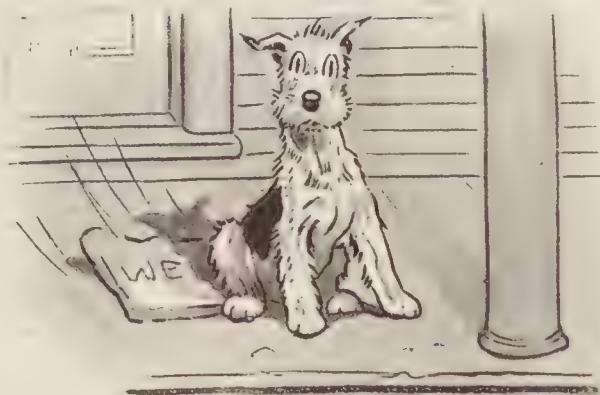
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16

UNTIL CHRISTMAS

By EDWINA

Outline of an Actor

(Continued from p. 48)

see a ripe Brie—some fruit, a handful of petits fours with the coffee, and finished! No, *attendez!* Gustave, Gustave, what is it they are eating yonder, that party in the corner by the door? *Vraiment? Vraiment?* I had not thought it possible at this season. If I had known sooner . . ."

"*Mais, Achille, comfort yourself. Voyons, it is not too late. We need not keep to a severe régime. N'est-ce pas, Gustave, you can bring us, after this, some of your Cêpes Bordelaises demi-deuil?*"

"But gladly, madame, gladly. Madame is right. What you deny yourself here you will certainly not receive later on in Heaven."

"*Ah, il me fait rire, ce bon Gustave!* As for you, Colette, it fills me with joy to eat by your side again. Do you remember, *chérie, les Ecrivisses Côte-d'Azur à la Princesse de l'Estragon* that we ate together on our voyage de noces?"

"But yes—and I will tell you, Achille, a simple, very simple dish that we must have again: *Oeufs Mimosa*. I learnt how to improve it during the years that you were absent."

"How could I have stayed away so long from you, my Colette? How I have missed your sympathy, your deep appreciation!"

"And I yours, my Achille."

In the stuffy dining-room of the Auberge de l'Univers et de la Couronne, in a dull Provençal town, Achille and Colette sat on despondently after their meal, and talked about Paris. They were both of them filled to the rim with nostalgia, Colette even more than Achille. Colette had all the passion for Paris, its enchantment, its cruelty, and its spasmodic kindness, which visits a little provincial girl to whom the chief city of her land has been first a childish dream and, later on, a brilliant fulfilment. Now, banished again, banished for long months which had stretched into years; banished by the comparative failure of their endless tours, the mediocrity and lack of enthusiasm in their audiences and notices, she could hardly bear to talk about Paris, but still less could she bear not to talk about it. Paris, Paris, when we return to Paris. . . .

But lately they had grown more hopeful. It was curious that their hopes should depend, of all incredible

"You would not think so. A salad, then, Gustave, a slip of cheese—yonder I

fairy godmothers, on Edmonde Laugier. "Le Journal" told them that she had at last left the Théâtre National and had acquired a theatre of her own. There had been much panoply of regret, and a great deal of true regret beneath the panoply at her final performance. "Le Journal" was ripe with hints about her plans, the plays she had acquired, the plays she meant to acquire, the company she was gathering around her. It was said, furthermore, that she was searching for a leading man of unique ability and charm and had already rejected several. Achille did not look at Colette when she read this aloud, nor did he seem to be interested in that particular portion

of the announcement, but secretly he waited, exultant, for the summons which he knew must shortly come to him. For why, argued Achille, should La Laugier have left the Théâtre National at all, where she was so honoured and so firmly established had she not been sure that never, never again would Achille Labiche have consented to return there after his quarrel with the management? It was, therefore, the only sound, the only logical thing for her to do, longing to have him with her again, to obtain the necessary backing, and herself become a *directrice*. Subtle though she was in her manoeuvres, yet to him, who knew her so well, every stealthy step she took was as though illumined by strong daylight.

At first he was puzzled, certainly, at her delay in writing to him. Then that, too, became significant, so that every post which brought no letter was positive instead of negative in its effect on his hopes. For she was proud, Edmonde; these tall, fair, pale women of

quality were always proud; tiresome though it was, it suited their style. Obviously she was waiting for him to write to her and ask for the indisputable position in her company which her heart had already assigned to him. All this elaborate fiction of looking for a leading man, *ça fait rire*. . . .

"Why do you laugh, *mon patapouf?*" demanded Colette.

Achille could not tell her that he was laughing over the pathos of an elaborate pride which was bound in due time, if he gave it rope enough, to hang itself. To change the subject, he asked Colette, who was in a sense his business manager, having a good head for figures, how much actually had been in the house last night? The reply was depressing, but Achille was not depressed.

"How long is this to go on, *mon Dieu?*" demanded Colette. "This endless travelling, these terrible little towns,



"NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BABY! ATE UP ALL THE MISSIONARY!"

(Continued on p. 66)



A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA!

A purse already haggard with the blessedness of giving—and a very special present still to buy?

Surely an occasion for "Braemar"—these exquisitely fashioned Scottish Jumpers and Cardigans with their caressing slenderness of fit.

Here, for example, is "BEAGLE" cable stitch, in pure botany wool; light and warm as an eiderdown on a wintry morning; clean-cut as an icicle under the eaves.

Then there's "Dunbar," "Walton," "Synton," "Margaret," "Fiona," and many more—new styles—new colours—exhilarating prices—at the best shops... now!

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YARDLEY LAVENDER



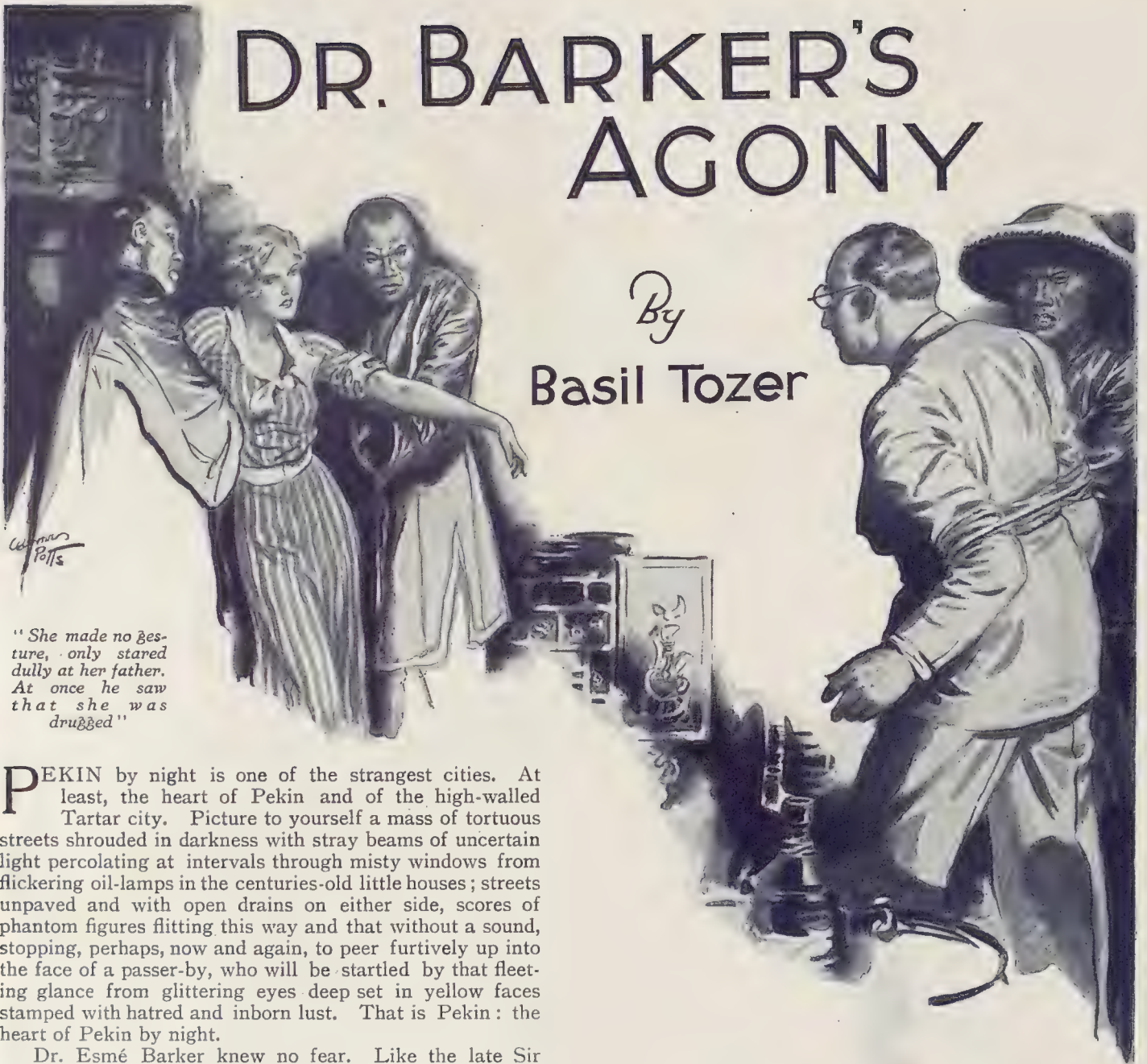
Bargee : Where the 'ell d'ye think yer going ?
Voice from Steamer : Noo York

By CHARLES GRAVE

DR. BARKER'S AGONY

By

Basil Tozer



"She made no gesture, only stared dully at her father. At once he saw that she was drugged"

PEKIN by night is one of the strangest cities. At least, the heart of Peking and of the high-walled Tartar city. Picture to yourself a mass of tortuous streets shrouded in darkness with stray beams of uncertain light percolating at intervals through misty windows from flickering oil-lamps in the centuries-old little houses; streets unpaved and with open drains on either side, scores of phantom figures flitting this way and that without a sound, stopping, perhaps, now and again, to peer furtively up into the face of a passer-by, who will be startled by that fleeting glance from glittering eyes deep set in yellow faces stamped with hatred and inborn lust. That is Peking: the heart of Peking by night.

Dr. Esmé Barker knew no fear. Like the late Sir Robert Hart, he had lived in China for many years, and studied the Chinese and their queer customs and their languages. Often he had been warned to avoid Peking's back streets, particularly at night, but he had not heeded the warning. Now he was taking a short cut after dark through those streets to visit an English patient whom he believed to be dying.

He was well-to-do, as wealth is rated in China, and apart from his profession his life was wrapped up in his only child, a beautiful girl of seventeen whose mother had died in giving her birth. Once an attempt had been made by some Chinese thugs to kidnap his daughter; they no doubt hoped to extort from the doctor a heavy ransom. But Dr. Barker had taken the law into his own hands, and shot the would-be kidnapper dead. He knew the Chinese well enough to be aware that the dead man's accomplices would sooner or later try to avenge his death; yet he carried on as usual, taking no precautions to protect himself. He was a fatalist, he said, always had been and always would be.

He had walked less than half a mile, when suddenly he stopped. An unusual sound had reached him; a cry. He stood listening. It came again, rather louder. He recognized the voice as that of a European, or an American—a woman's voice. He knew the timbre of Chinese voices too well to be mistaken.

It came from some way down a side street, a narrow evil-smelling slum. He turned, and began to make his way stealthily through the darkness in the direction whence the cry had come, when all at once he felt himself seized by many hands. Unable to distinguish even the outline of his assailants, he offered no resistance. To have struggled would, he knew, have resulted only in his being hit on the head and stunned. A gag was pushed into his mouth, his bag wrenched from his grasp—he was lifted—carried along.

He found himself in a native house where half-a-dozen cut-throat-looking Chinese were binding him with cords, while they jabbered in undertones, disputing and arguing in the uncertain light of the flickering lamp.

Suddenly he heard the cry again—close at hand.

His captors were at once silent. Then one of them addressed him in Chinese. Unless a sum of money which he named were paid at once to his captors the girl whose cry he had heard would be tortured—the awful method of the torture was described to him in detail. The spokesman paused, then added: "And the girl, Dr. Barker, is your daughter. After her death you, too, will be treated in a like manner unless . . ."

Dr. Barker knew fear for the first time in his life. Not fear for himself but for his child. How she came to be

there, how these monsters had got hold of her, he did not stop to think. He had but one thought—escape—rescue. For the sum demanded was considerably in excess of his credit in the Pekin bank at the moment.

His mind worked rapidly.

"May I see my daughter?" he said at last.

The jabbering and the arguments of his captors began again. Some were in favour. Some were not. Finally they agreed to bring her to him, provided he promised to pay the full amount of the ransom by the following night. Without an instant's hesitation he promised.

On being brought into the room she made no gesture, spoke no word, only stared dully at her father. At once he saw that she was drugged.

"By this time to-morrow night the money will be here," the former spokesman said, addressing Dr. Barker, "or else . . ."

He made a horrible grimace and illustrated with his hands the beginning of the torture.

"By this time to-morrow night the money will be here," the doctor replied. "Tell me how it is to be delivered to you."

That they explained in a few sentences. Then, after searching him for any instrument or other object with which he might do injury, they locked him in another room with his daughter, having first unbound him.

Towards early morning the effect of the drug wore off and she told him how she had been decoyed away from home by a native who said he came with a message from her father. Only recently the man had been a servant in her father's household; he had left of his own accord and been given an excellent character. So as she had no reason to mistrust him, she had gone with him. What had occurred after that she could not remember. She remembered feeling suddenly faint, and had then, she supposed, become unconscious.

Dr. Barker remained silent. He had not told his daughter of the awful threat—of the fate which awaited them both. For to procure the ransom within twenty-four hours he knew to be impossible. Once more he concentrated upon some way of escape. The cunning Chinese had guessed that if the worst threatened he would at the last moment assuredly slay his daughter with his own hand rather than let them torture her, and afterwards probably kill himself. They had, therefore, not left even a pocket knife upon him.

Daylight found father and daughter still sitting there. Neither had slept. Nor had Dr. Barker been able to

evolve any means of escape. The room had no window, only a small barred aperture. Its door was securely fastened, its walls were solid wood, and in the room adjoining his captors snored.

Within a few hours one of the bandits was to collect the ransom. But from whom? Barker had no idea. He had promised to pay only in order to propitiate his captors and get more time to think. On receiving the money they would, they had assured him, conduct him and his daughter, unharmed and blindfold, after dark to a place of safety and there release them, and he knew the Chinese mentality well enough to believe them.

Presently his hand touched something in his pocket; he drew it out—a pocket Bible.

Then he remembered that the patient whom he had been on his way to visit the night before had asked him to bring a Bible with him. He had sent word that as he was dying he would like to read some passages in the Holy Book.

Some hours later the doctor heard noises and movement in the house. The bandits were awake and, he guessed, preparing food. With an effort he kept himself under control, lest he should break down completely.

The manager of the bank in Pekin where most of the European residents keep their accounts was finishing his mid-day meal in the annexe of the bank, where he lived, when his chief assistant entered.

"May I speak to you, sir?" he inquired in a tone of suppressed excitement. "The matter is rather important—and pressing."

"Come and sit down, but first of all shut the door," the manager replied genially.

"Have a glass of wine," and he pushed the decanter towards him. He had lunched well, also there is more *camaraderie* amongst Europeans resident in China than there is at home—social distinctions are less pronounced. "And now," he continued, "what is this very pressing matter?"

The assistant handed him two half-sheets of writing paper.

"A native messenger brought these, sir, from Dr. Esmé Barker," he said. "You will see that Dr. Barker requests



"He turned and began to make his way . . . through the darkness."

(Continued on p. 11)



STORMLIGHT SONATA



SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING

By NINA SCOTT-LANGLEY



I'M JUST GOING TO SEE A DOG ABOUT A MAN

By NINA SCOTT-LANGLEY



UP THE ROPE LADDER

By DAME LAUPA KNIGHT, A.R.A.

THEY FOLLOW ON FOOT BECAUSE—



She can't afford to keep horses, and—



—he can



She can't ride, but wants to know the people who can, and—



—he can't ride but wants you to think he can



She wants to exercise her dogs, and—



—he, his smattering of hound-lore



—and they love it



McLaughlin

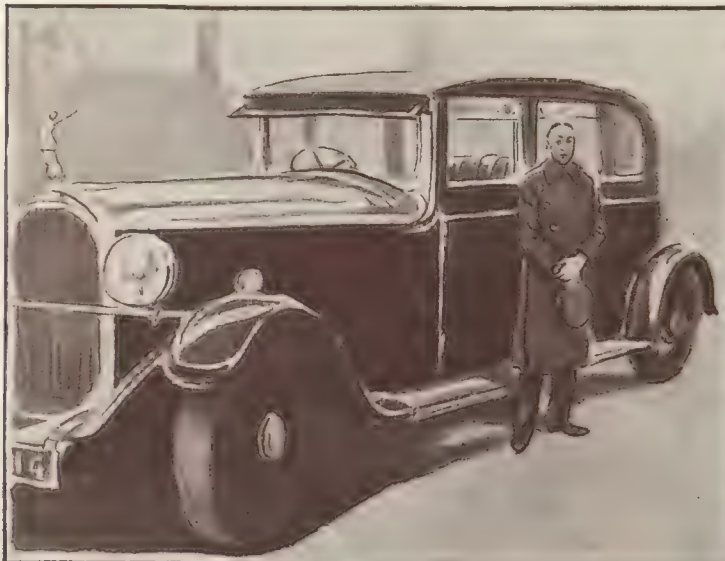
By McLAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH CELEBRITIES



"My hobbies are gardening, either at my Surrey retreat or—

at my Riviera villa



—Motoring and—

—hospitality

[N.B.—This super-de-luxe Pegasus was specially designed for its owner, whose head chauffeur (seen above) thinks it is "a real tip topper"]

[The group, taken by their host, includes Princess d'A, Lady B, the Marchioness of C, the Countess of D, the Duchess of E, Prince F, Lord G, the Earl of H, the Marquis of I, Viscount J, the Duke of K, and another]



But I am happiest of all in my London workshop—

—tilting at humbug and writing for the cause"

SAYS MR. LLURNED-BORE, BRITAIN'S ARCH COMMUNIST



RING

To James
from his
Aunt Sophia

To Jimmy
from Bill

To JAMES BLANKES
With compliments

To dear old Jim
with all the best
from Nick

christmas Greetings
+ Good Cheer
**JOHNNIE
WALKER**
AND HIS...

christmas Greetings
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Johnnie Walker is
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Christmas in decorated
cases of
2, 3, 6, or 12 bottles.
Your Wine Merchant
or Licensed Dealer
has them, all ready
for dispatch to your
friends.
No extra charge
for the cases.

Oh! lucky Jim!

Outline of an Actor

(Continued from p. 54)

these oh so stupid and listless people who will not understand your genius, these mean proprietors, these treacherous agents, these jealousies that are keeping you out of Paris."

"Calm yourself," murmured Achille, and patted her shoulder affectionately, for he did not like to see Colette weep. "It is nearly over, you will see, our trial of endurance. I have an instinct."

And, two days later, his instinct was justified. Two days later a letter came from Edmonde, asking him charmingly, diffidently even, to come and see her if he were free, and if he were willing to accept a part in her first production. "You will have heard that I am now forming my own company, and will produce *Les Indifférents* at the Perrault in two months' time, so I hope . . ."

Furthermore, the letter went on, she had actually been to see his performance at Grenoble a fortnight ago—if he had but known!—and had been assured that he was as good an actor as ever, and would be an acquisition to the new Laugier management.

"Aha!" Achille threw out his chest.

All that day he strutted rather than walked, crowed rather than spoke, picturing the great actress, heavily veiled in black, unable to bear the suspense any longer, slipping unrecognized into the small provincial theatre, sitting in an inconspicuous seat, and waiting, breathless with thwarted adoration, for his first entrance. How her heart must have beat! And when it was over, she wiped away her tears beneath her veil, and slipped out, and took the next train back to Paris, not daring to come round and see him in his dressing-room.

But she had her excuse, now, for the visit. She could pretend, the sly little one, that she urgently needed to reassure herself that he had not deteriorated since he had acted opposite her at the Théâtre National, before she wrote and offered him the part of her lover. How perfectly they had always played their scenes together, in exquisite sympathy on the stage, though off it, certainly, something had always been lacking. Well, he would pretend to believe her explanations. Paris would be the richer, in two months' time, for that stealthy visit to Grenoble. As though a real actor could ever deteriorate in his art! True, it would be no good to bluff that he had been very lucky since he left the Théâtre National, to one so experienced in the signs of her profession as Edmonde Laugier; but he knew well enough, even without her encouragement—thank you very much indeed, *ma chère* Edmonde!—that his talent was as nobly tempered as ever before.

He did not confide in Colette, when he showed her Edmonde's letter, that he had been aware all along, since he had first read of her resignation from her old theatre, that this call would come, and that the whole affair, new theatre, new play, new company, had been simply so many arrangements to lure him plausibly back to her side again. He did not think it necessary that Colette should be awake to all this; for though it was soothing as an ointment for the scars which his vanity had lately received, though it confirmed all his private opinion of what he had meant to Edmonde, and of what that poor, middle-aged woman had suffered after parting from him, yet he had no intention now of being unfaithful to the wife on whom, except for that one long desertion, his affection was steadily set. He had abandoned her in his hot-headed youth. He would not do so again. Never again. Useless for Edmonde to repine and plead and hope. She would have to submit to his inexorable decision, and she would find comfort, no doubt, in the sham clasp of his arms, the sham heat and glow of his kisses when they were acting together. A distinguished partnership; the famous Edmonde Laugier and the leading man with whom she had been affiliated in the past at the Théâtre National, as all ardent playgoers would remember, though for the past two years he had been recommended by his doctors only to do a little easy work in the provinces. . . .

He was so excited at the prospect of his interview with Edmonde that he could not touch his *déjeuner* the next day. "Mais mange, mon petit, voyons donc, il faut absolument que tu manges!" But Colette, too, was wildly excited. Paris was glimmering again very near, and so beautiful. "Ah, how destiny rewards us when we do not complain!" She had been complaining a great deal, but that was already forgotten. "You will let me hear, *mon ange*, directly it is settled—the very moment—yes? I cannot wait till you come back to tell me."

He promised her. The whole way to Paris on his journey he dwelt on every detail of the fantastic schemes by which women hide their hearts from the keen and piercing eyes of a man of experience. He rehearsed a nonchalant and cynical demeanour to cover his jubilation. It was difficult not to prance and swagger into the familiar little blue and silver boudoir, twinkling with mirrors, where Edmonde received him. The boudoir was the same. Edmonde, however—he was prepared to commiserate with her, though silently, on the traces which conflict and loneliness had left upon her looks. This, however, was not necessary. Edmonde had, if anything, gained in distinction and poise. She did not look unhappy, either, nor even—marvellous woman!—was she confused during the first moments of their reunion. She did not show rancour, she did not show desire. *Enfin*, she was a great actress!

Achille congratulated her, with a twinkle of mockery in his narrow dark eyes, on the boldness of her escape from the thrall of the old management and the independence of her present position.

"Yes," she said simply, "perhaps it was bold, but I think it was justified. My public are very faithful, you know. I am not over-confident but I believe we shall prosper."

"Of course, Edmonde, of course. And how can I tell you how proud I am that you should have invited me to prosper by your side? What did you see me play at Grenoble?"

She told him. His face clouded a little. It was not one of the favourite parts in his repertoire; the meagre returns at the box office had demanded that he should do something with a popular appeal. "Ah, well, so long as you were not disappointed —."

"*Mais non*, Achille! I told you in my letter. I do not think I will ever be disappointed in your acting. You have a grasp of whatever part you play, which is at once instinctive and colossal."

"Mais oui, c'est vrai," Achille agreed.

She then talked to him about *Les Indifférents*. The script in her hand, she outlined the plot of the play, the scope of each character. Achille nodded profoundly several times, taking care not to say how delighted he was with his rôle. It was, in fact, some time before he became aware that she was offering him, not the splendid young lead but, on the contrary, the husband's part, the comic part, the dupe.

Achille stared at her, aghast. Was this her crude, her insolent idea of a suitable revenge?

"What is it, Achille? Why do you look at me so strangely?"

He stammered: "I thought—I thought—surely I am to play the part of 'Bertrand Roncque'?"

"'Bertrand Roncque'? But, *mon ami*, that is for the *jeune premier*. I have approached Paul Duchard—did I not tell you?"

"Am I not to be your *jeune premier*?"

A long silence. Edmonde was smiling a little, but it was a tender, compassionate smile and her eyes were regretful. At last she said, very gently: "Achille, have you seen yourself in the mirror during the last year?" and placing her hand lightly on his shoulders, and still with the same compassion in her eyes, she turned him towards his reflection in the nearest glass.

The little Empire boudoir was shining with mirrors set at all angles, so that as Achille, still stunned by the collapse of his splendid fantasy, swung to face his own

(Continued on p. iv)



"THE MAN WHO LIT HIS CIGAR BEFORE THE ROYAL TOAST"



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"

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Dr. Barker's Agony*(Continued from p. 59)*

that we should cash the cheque for twenty thousand yuan (£2,500) and hand the cash to bearer. And you will see that the cheque, though stamped and in order, is drawn on a half-sheet of ordinary stationery. Dr. Barker has never before drawn a cheque in that way, nor so large a cheque, and, most important of all, his credit is below the amount of the cheque."

The manager adjusted his glasses, then scrutinized the note and the cheque closely.

"Certainly this is his writing and his signature," he said at last, thoughtfully. "But what do these words and numerals after the signature to the note mean? Did you notice them?"

"I did, sir, but they convey nothing to me."

For some moments the manager was silent, his gaze still fixed on the slips of paper. Suddenly he looked up.

"Ring up Dr. Barker," he said sharply.

When the assistant had left the room the manager went quickly over to a small escritoire. He unlocked and opened a drawer in it, fumbled amongst its contents, and presently drew out of it a Bible.

The assistant returned soon afterwards. Dr. Barker, it seemed, had not been home since early on the previous afternoon, but later in the day had sent word that he wanted Miss Barker to come to him at once.

"Show the messenger who is waiting for the money into my private room," the manager said, speaking rapidly. "Tell him the money will be brought to him. I am going to ring up the Legation and state the facts, and ask that the man may be closely shadowed when he leaves here. Meanwhile, count

out twenty thousand yuan in front of him, then put them in a bag, and seal the bag and give it to him; take your time about it. Oh, no, there will be no risk of our losing the money once the police are on his track."

The Pekin police stand no nonsense from bandits. During the raid on the house four of the six thugs were shot dead and the remaining two arrested.

"Thank God you guessed what I meant, guessed that I needed help," Dr. Barker exclaimed with emotion as he gripped the manager's hand when it was all over. "If only you knew how I prayed that you might—and I had not prayed for years. When I opened the Bible I had found in my pocket the first line my eyes rested upon was in the second verse of the fifty-ninth psalm, '... save me from bloody men ...'. At once the idea occurred to me, and I quickly turned over page after page, and suddenly I read '... come quickly and save me ...' in the sixth verse of the tenth chapter of Joshua. ... So I quoted 'psalm two, fifty-nine, and Josh. six, ten.'"

The manager smiled. Then all at once he was serious.

"You should thank God, not me," he said. "And perhaps now you will heed our warning to you to avoid those parts of Pekin, even in the daytime."



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what may the X-rays reveal!

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By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

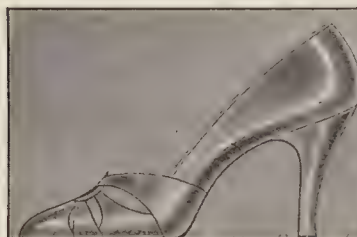
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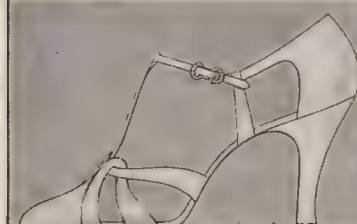


Note: A Pyorrhœal condition is disclosed by this X-ray photograph: the bone is spongy and roots are loose.



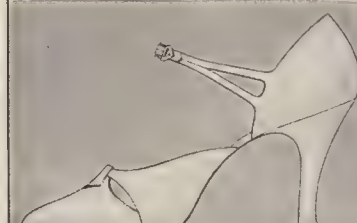
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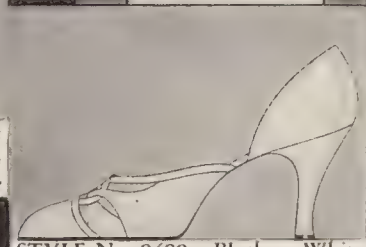


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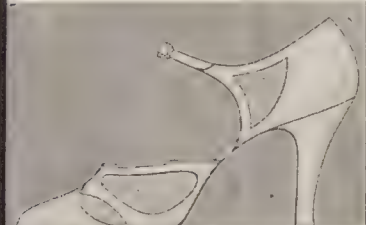


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Outline of an Actor

(Continued from p. 66)

image, it was reflected again and again, wherever he looked, until he seemed to be surrounded by many Achilles, all coarsened, all enormously fat: Achilles without grace, without elegance, without an outline. He turned horrified from one mirror to another. If only he could have shivered them all to pieces! But even then he would still be left with the irrevocable thick reality of himself. And he remembered Paul Duchard, that beautiful slim young man, and groaned aloud.

Edmonde had walked to the window, unwilling to look on at his humiliation. Could it be possible, she thought, that he only realized it now? Was delusion so blind? Why, they had all told her what was happening, those of her friends who had seen him by chance in the provinces. "It is his wife, *cette bonne petite bourgeoise*. She encourages him to eat. All the time they eat, and when the play fails they cheer themselves up by eating more. They are affinities, those two. It is undoubtedly a marriage made in heaven, but it will ruin him on earth. Go, Edmonde, and see for yourself, if you are really so determined to have him in your company. But, *mon Dieu!* you cannot surely be still in love with him?"

No, she was not in love with him any more; not in the least in love with him. *Tout passe, tout casse*. But he was genuinely a first-class actor, and these were rare enough. She cared very much that only the best talent should be found in her new venture. So she travelled down to Grenoble to see him.

Heavens! His figure! Worse even than she had expected from all accounts. Heavens! That satisfied little paunch, that pampered rotundity, his eyes almost buried in his plump cheeks, a *jeune premier* in grotesque parody! Nevertheless he was still of use to her, if not in one type then in another. What did it matter?

So she returned to Paris; wrote to him.

But that he could think he was to play Paul Duchard's part! Edmonde Laugier chid herself for cruelty. Bad news should be broken gently. Had she been forced to tell Achille, for instance, that his mother was dead, how pitiful she would have

been, with what trepidation would she have advanced, step by step, striving only not to hurt him.

With her back still mercifully turned to the room wherein the chastening process went on, she wondered if he would refuse or accept the part she had offered him? An excellent part, by the way.

Achille would have liked to fling it in her face. He—he, of all men, to play the comic husband! Yet—he thought of Colette. Colette so wanted to return to Paris; she had been pining for Paris, was even now waiting for the telegram to confirm the news of their triumphant return to the capital. *La pauvre Colette!* No man had a better wife. Through all these months and years of failure she had remained beside him, giving him her legacy, admiring his talent, preparing his meals.

Yes, he had to consider Colette.

But the relief it would have been to have assured the great actress, with withering urbanity, that he had no need as yet to accept even as magnanimous and charitable an offer as hers. And with a low bow and a last scornful look, to make a magnificent exit, for ever.

Achille controlled himself. He managed to assure Madame Edmonde Laugier with the utmost politeness that he would think over her kind suggestion, which he had every disposition to accept.

He took his leave, and went and sat at one of the little tables outside Fouquet's, and sipped a Pernod, and watched the pageant of Paris flowing past, and mused on many things . . . but principally on whether Colette deserved to be buried in the provinces for yet another year, and another after that, and perhaps until the end of their lives.

The next morning early, after a night of quivering suspense, Colette sat up in bed to read the telegram they brought her with her coffee and rolls:

"Magnificent character part stop refused young lead sick of playing ninnies join me soon as possible your adoring

ACHILLE"

Keep a box by your bedside!

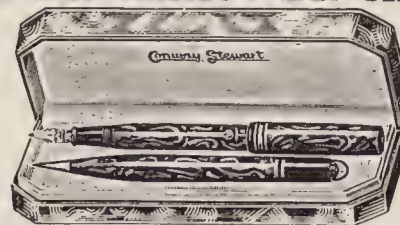
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(Continued from p. 44)

rear of the house, and snorted the hours away. At about six o'clock the telephone bell rang. Wally caught up the receiver angrily. A very refined and precise English voice hailed him from Sydney in an apprehensive tenor. Wally set his teeth. Another of these blasted cricketers.

Mr. Pogson meant to get Dandy back at a reasonable hour, and was taking no chances. But he failed to get much satisfaction. On the contrary, he was merely told to go and boil himself.

"Come, now," said Gussy. "You'll pardon me. But the hotel clerk knows he went there."

"You pardon yer something. He's not here now."

"What? But he'll be coming back there?"

"He'd better," said Wally. "He's got my car. And I tell you this, he'll blank well get no blank ride back to Sydnye in it, so you can blank well send for him."

"What? Come, please. I'm entitled to receive at least a modicum of cordiality. I've no means of knowing the cause of your attitude, which, I may tell you, is in direct contrast to the universal spirit of hospitality and consideration which prevails. Hallo! Hallo! Oh, infamous!" Gus dashed off to find Braham.

"Harry! About Stratton. It sounds serious to me. Heaven knows who's got hold of the irresponsible idiot—bushrangers I should imagine."

"Oh, he'll come back all right."

"He will most certainly do no such thing, unless he's sent for and brought like a child. He's got no conveyance. If he managed to get back here at all it would be in the small hours, and he'd be in a condition which would be bound to militate against his fitness to continue his innings."

"Then he'll get such a ticking off that he'll —"

"I know that. That's no satisfaction. The point is he's a hundred miles away; he's been decoyed there by some woman, and so far as I can judge, he's in exceedingly disreputable, not to say dangerous, company."

"Well, it's no good preaching sermons about it. What are you going to do?"

"It's you who should do something. Quite apart from its effect on the match, this may lead to an arrant scandal, involving the

good relations which you and I have established with those in auth —"

"Yes, yes, yes. But I can't do anything. I've got to dine with the Board of Control. You're expected to as well."

"Then you must make my excuses. I shall avoid saying a word about this to anyone, but I shall take a car and drive up to this place, and fetch the young rascal home myself."

"Very tiring," said Braham. "You're not out as well, you know. Send one of the others. Or a couple of 'em, if you think there's any dirty work going on."

"No. They're all out till seven. Besides, I wish to hush it up. I'll go myself." Gussy flourished his moustache boldly. "I should like to see anybody try to kidnap me," he added.

He told the hotel clerk to let Jackson Ridge know he was on his way—otherwise to hold his tongue. Then, having obtained exact details of the route, he devoured a hasty meal and sailed forth full of wrath and indigestion. That the captaincy of so gallant and conscientious a man should ever have been subjected to adverse criticism in the press was positively insufferable.

He was too conscientious, really; he drove too fast. If only he'd been a trifle slower he would have met Sylvie driving Dandy back to his headquarters for dinner.

Three-and-a-half hours in the shack provided Dandy with amply sufficient inaction and temperance. At half-past-three he sallied forth into the wildness to discover some sort of friendship in need. And as he jumped down the bank into the roadway he heard the familiar din of the tourer and, rising above it, a seraphic feminine "Cooee." For the next hour Dandy forgot his anxiety to see Mr. Wally Gunn again and even disregarded the claims of thirst. He dallied on the cast-iron cushions of the tourer and embraced his Sylvie 'neath the shade of the gum.

Presently she delighted a household of friends on the main road to Sydney by bringing Dandy Stratton in for some well-earned refreshment. She restored Dandy to the car and resumed the run to Sydney exactly five minutes after Gussy had gone hurtling past the house in the opposite direction.

"You can't go back to-night, you know," said Dandy, when at length they reached the hotel.

(Continued on p. viii)



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"To-night?" replied Sylvie. "Not me. I've friends where I can put up. I shan't go back at all till after you're out. Otherwise I shouldn't see any more of you."

"Oh, won't you? Anyhow, that's a bet—you don't go home till after I'm out?"

"Absolutely. And not too quickly then."

Harry Braham, slightly agitated for once, came bustling up.

"Has Gus come back with you?"

"Gus? No! Why?"

"Hell! He dashed off in a car to find you."

"What! But it means a two-hundred-mile run. Silly little fusspot; he might have known I'd be back in good time."

"He won't be," reflected the manager.

They telephoned Jackson Ridge, but Mr. Pogson had not yet appeared. Dandy, however, had the satisfaction of thanking Mr. Gunn for the loan of his car, which Miss Hale would return to him in due course. Mr. Gunn's reply was wasted on the void. But he was rude to Dad, who bunged him out of the house and refused to lend him a horse. So he left Jackson Ridge on a trek of twenty miles back to his own station. His manner of progress was not unlike that of a very slow-motion comet.

Thus, when Gussy made his arbitrary descent on the station, it was left to Dad to give a puzzled and involved account of the day's proceedings, and to rack Gussy's already impaired digestion with a well-meant peace offering of home-made wine. The actual

hour of his arrival back in Sydney was never revealed; but his disposition, as he padded himself for action on Monday, was one of silent but seething disdain for his fellow batsman.

"I'm feeling fine," said Dandy, as they walked together to the wicket. "Are you feeling fine, Gus?"

"No, most certainly I am feeling nothing of the sort. All your fault. I shall make nought, and you'll have it on your conscience. It's up to you now, so be careful. Avoid making that hook shot off your head at short-pitched deliveries."

"Oh, rats!"

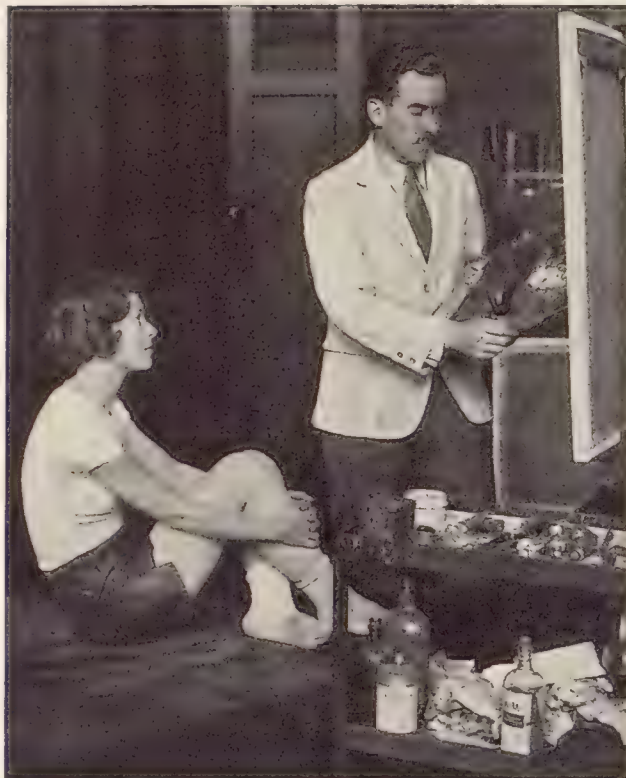
"Rats, indeed! Now, once and for all, will you cease staring at that women's enclosure? Even now, on your way to bat, you keep looking back over your shoulder."

"O.K., Gus. She's there. And she's sworn to stay till after I'm out. There's an inspiration for you. Why, you'll probably make a hundred yourself, owing to the fact that you've been distantly associated with the sweet thing."

"Distantly is right," said Gussy peevishly.

The account of the day's play, as cabled to England, began as follows:

"England enjoyed a triumph at Sydney, getting to within 40 of Australia's total for the loss of four wickets. Pogson, after being missed twice before scoring, contributed a valiant 70. The feature of the day's play was a magnificent innings by Stratton, who scored 231, and remained undefeated at the close. . . ."



CAPTAIN L. M. GLASSON AND HIS MODEL FOR "THE YOUNG ROWER," MISS FREDA WALKER

Captain Glasson, who is the artist whose work, "The Young Rower," is the Supplement to this Christmas Number, has started upon some further studies with the same model, and is here seen at work in his studio. "The Young Rower" was hung in this year's Academy. Captain Glasson is himself a rowing man



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What to give him? He's clean-shaven, you say, so he must have a razor. True enough, but where is the man who wouldn't rather have a Wilkinson. Hollow ground blades, one packet of which outlast many packets of wafer type blades—the shave that saves. Simple, self-stopping action. Adjustable roller guard. The razor that's built to be a life-long friend.

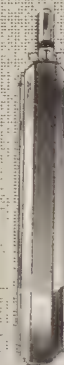
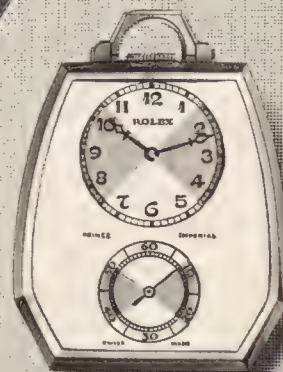
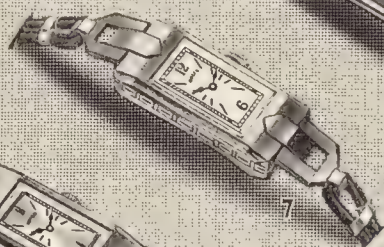
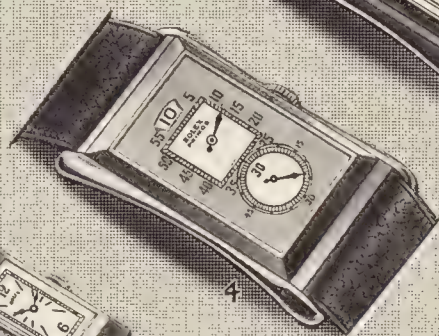
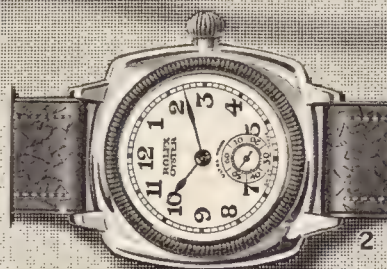
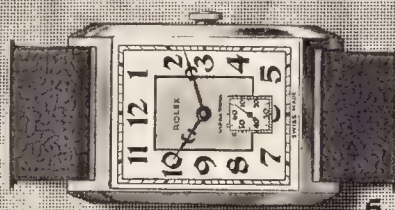
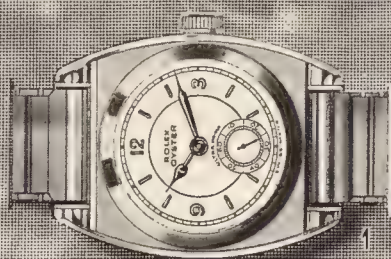
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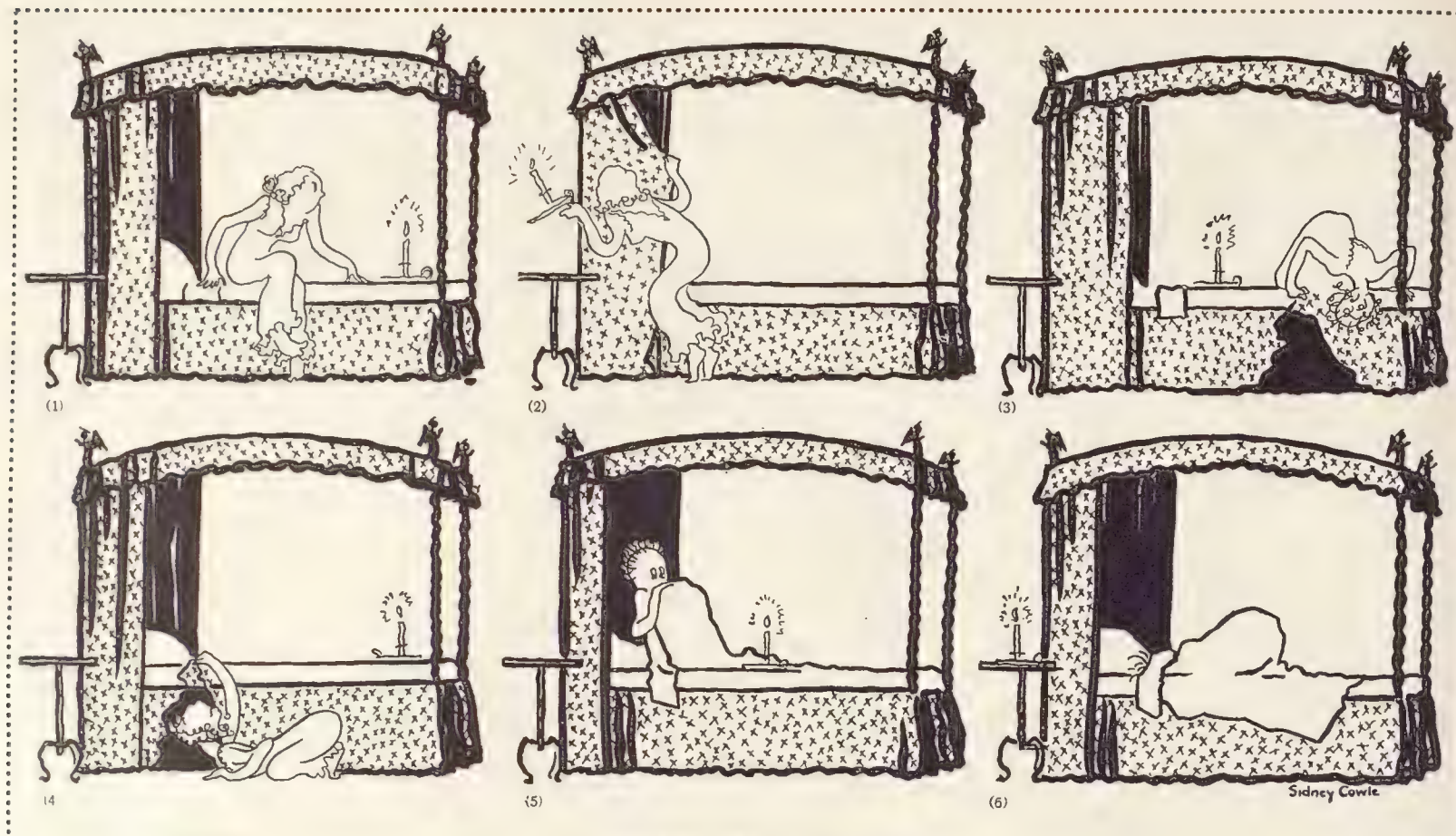
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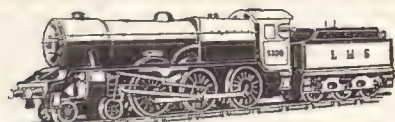


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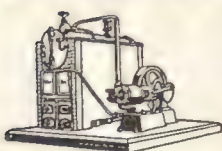


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—FRANK SWINNERTON.

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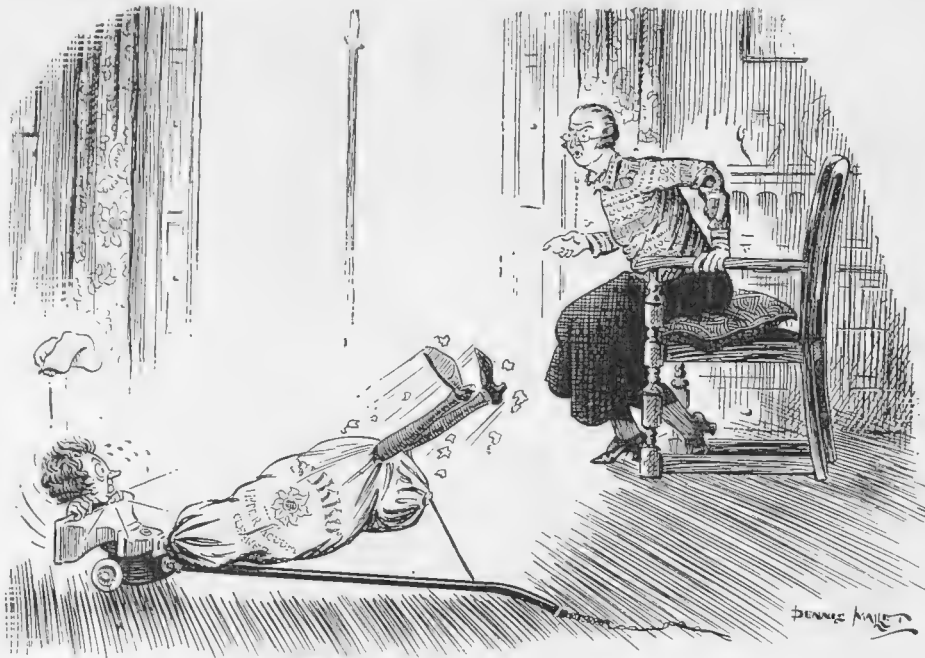
"What brought you to prison, man?"

"Competition, mum," was the reply.

"Competition? I don't understand."

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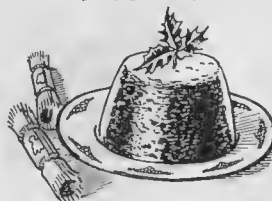
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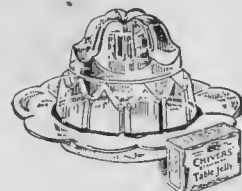
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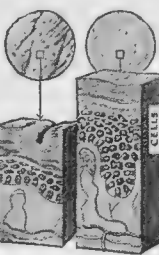


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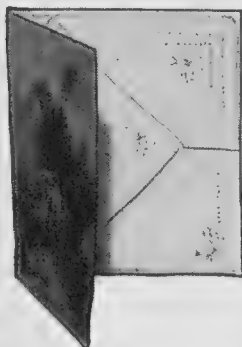
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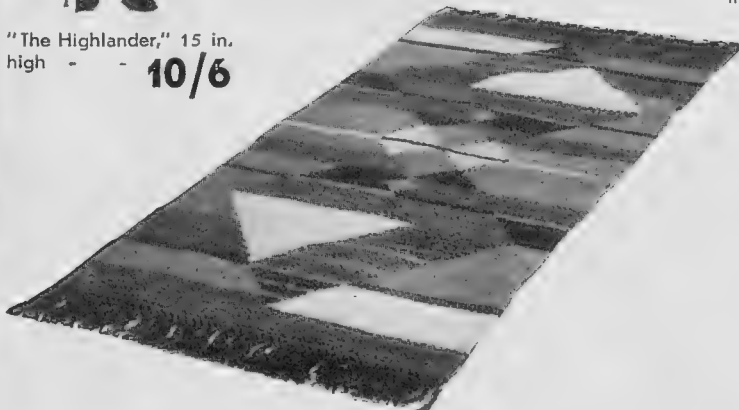
Xmas Card containing three white pure linen handkerchiefs embroidered in one corner - **2/11**



"The Highlander," 15 in. high - **10/6**



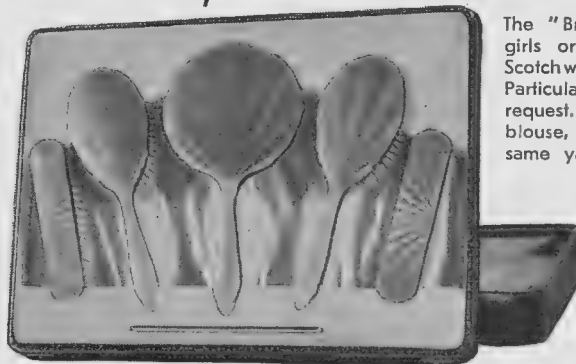
Vase of Monart Glass, made in Perth. In jade green, flecked with black and gold - **21/6**



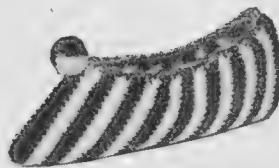
Torfyn Rug, made in Scotland. Made in any size and combination of colouring. Price, for size 5 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. - **59/6**



Beauty Case in morocco leather, lined silk. Contains skin tonic, hand lotion, liquid powder, cleansing cream, day cream, skin food, box for loose powder. Colours: blue, green, brown, black - **52/6**



Six-piece Brush Set in enamel on sterling silver. In blue, green, yellow, beige, complete in case - **£10 10 0**

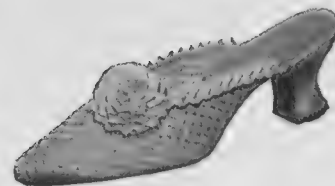


The "Restal" knitted Slipper, takes no space in a suitcase. Made in Scotland. In a very large number of delightful two-tone colourings.

In neat container. **2/11**



Handbag of black suède, lined moire. A black enamel cigarette case is inserted in front, match pocket at back. Marcasite mount **42/=**

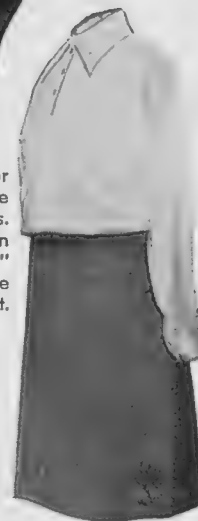


Quilted satin mules, ribbon trimming. In a large number of colours - **12/11**

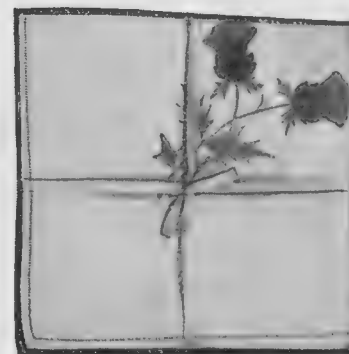


Stockings, pure silk, fine gauge, dull finish, fancy open-work clox. Jenners No. 19. Sent in free gift box on request

10/6



The "Braemar" Kilt for girls or boys, in pure Scotch wool. Plain colours. Particulars and prices on request. "Billy and Bunty" blouse, woven from the same yarn as the kilt.



Cream linen Lunch Cloths, Tea Cloths, etc. Embroidered in Thistle or Heather design. Made in Scotland. Fast colours. Tea Cloths, 54 in. by 54 in. 45 in. by 45 in. 36 in. by 36 in. **15/6 12/= 9/6**

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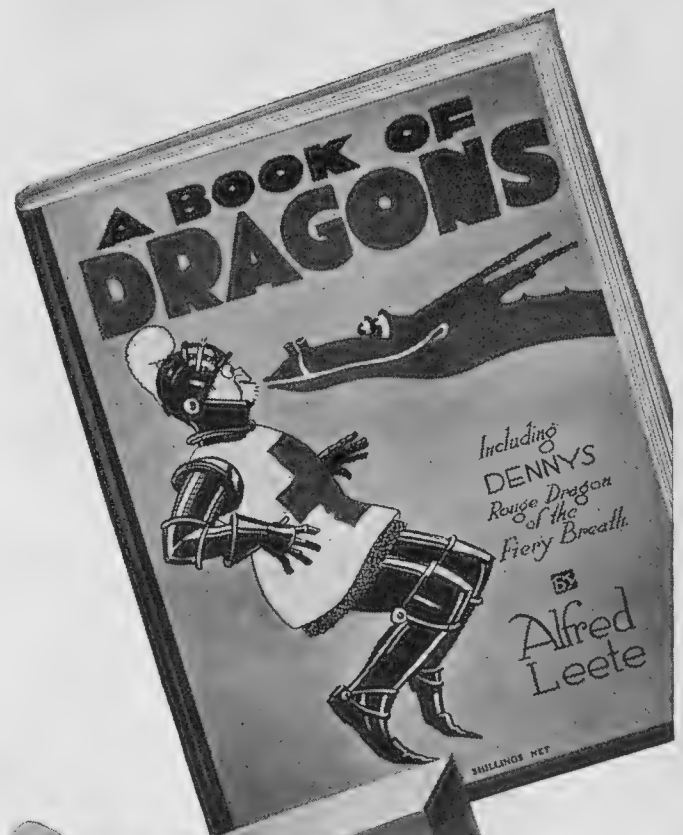
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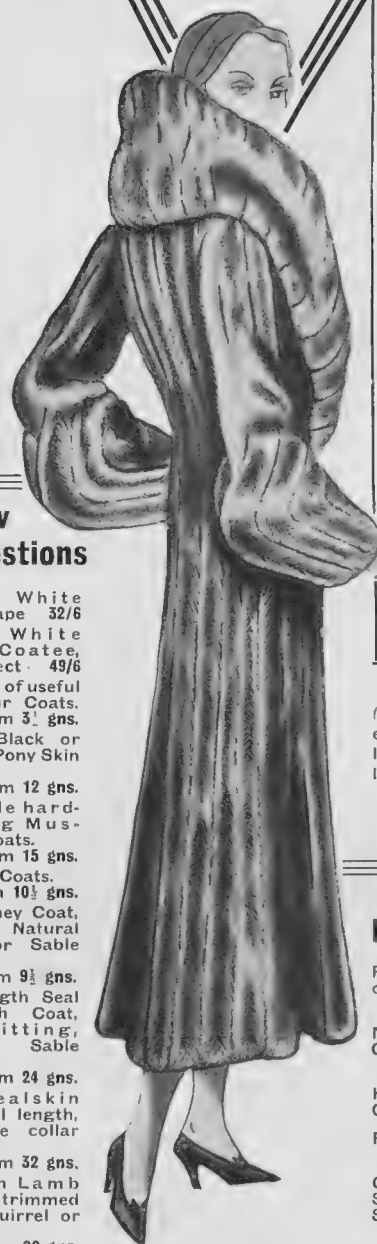
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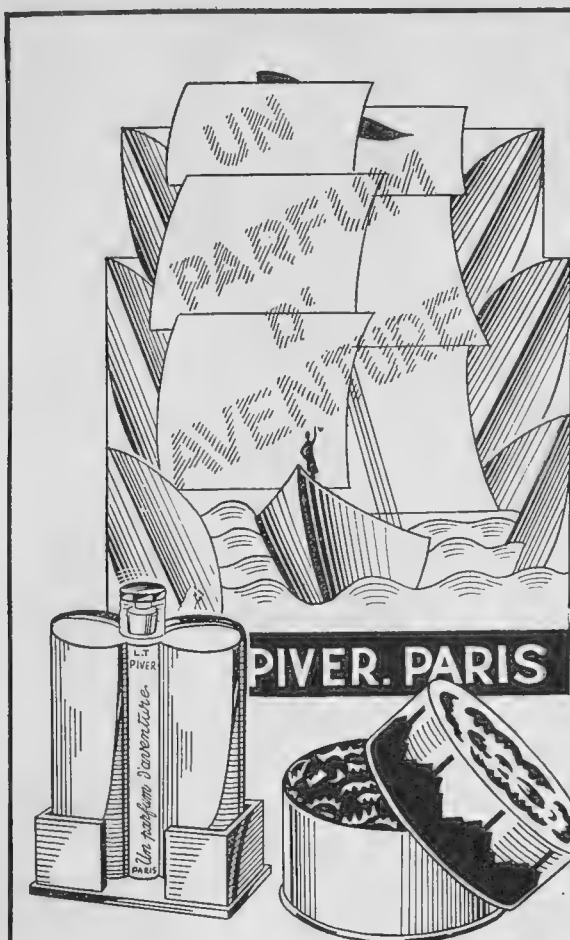


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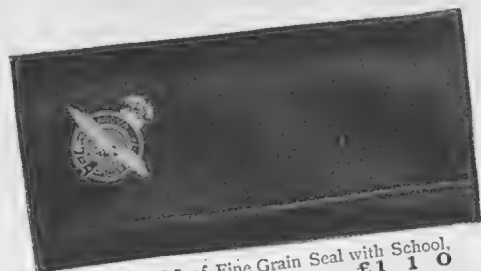
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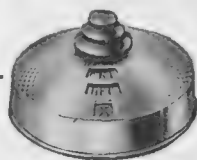
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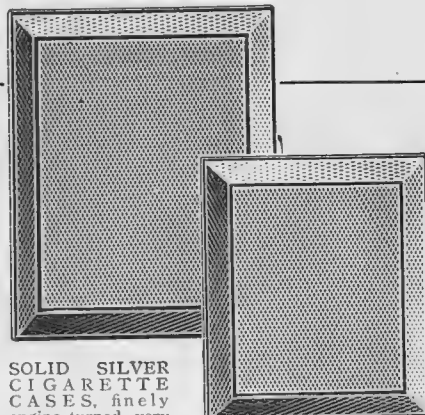
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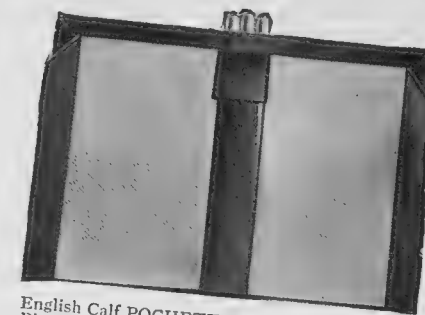


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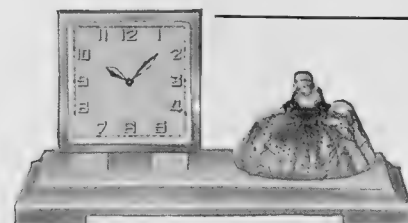


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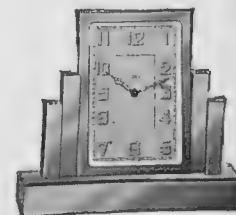
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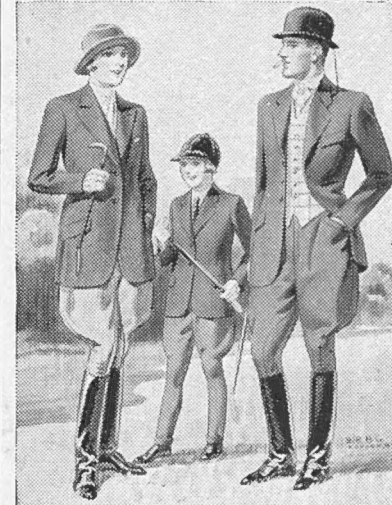


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Supplement to "THE TATLER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, December 2, 1932



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THE YOUNG ROWER

From the picture by L. M. GLASSON